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# P O E M S .

BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF RAVENSWORTH.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE :  
F. AND W. DODSWORTH, COLLINGWOOD STREET.

1877.

The Earl of Roslyn  
with every kind of affectionate  
Remembrance  
from  
The Author

Aug 3. 1877. Radcliff

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1877

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I.—METRICAL TALES.

II.—ODES AND OCCASIONAL PIECES.

III.—SONNETS.

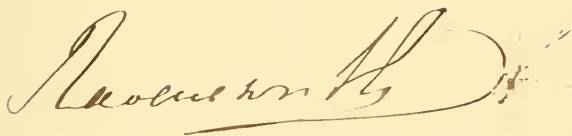
IV.—CHARADES.

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TO  
MY DEAR CHILDREN  
THIS LITTLE VOLUME  
IS  
DEDICATED AND BEQUEATHED  
BY  
THEIR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.



A handwritten signature in dark ink, likely of the Rev. Amos A. Phelps, written in a cursive style. The signature is positioned above a horizontal line.

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June, 1877.



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ERRATUM.

FROM CLAUDIAN—page 118, stanza 3, for “grows” read  
“groves.”

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## METRICAL TALES.

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### THE PORTER OF SEVILLE.

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The Porter sate at the Convent gate,  
And a stalwart youth was he :  
His shoulders were broad and his limbs were straight,  
And he bounded beneath the heaviest weight  
With a lightsome step and free.

And gay was the glance of his sparkling e'en,  
And merry the Porter's song,  
And his glossy black hair like the raven's sheen  
Hung down on his collar of velvet green  
In clusters rich and long.

And now he sate down by the Convent wall  
Reclined on a bench of stone,  
And smoked his cigar in the twilight's fall,  
And murmured his thanks to the good St. Paul  
That his daily work was done.

But why hath he started from off his seat,  
And why doth he gaze and peer  
At the casement barred that o'erhangs the street,  
And what are those accents low and sweet  
That have reached the Porter's ear ?

“Gentle Spaniard would'st thou do  
A deed of charity,  
And save from perilous scathe and woe  
The maid that appeals to thee;  
The wicket behind thee stands ajar,  
And the winding stair will lead  
By the silent light of the evening star  
To the cell where I bid thee speed.”

Cold ran the Porter's blood I ween,  
When she spake of a deed to be done,  
But fair was the face that his eyes had seen,  
And sweet and soft had the accents been  
That were breathed by the dark-eyed nun.

And soon he banished his doubts and fears,  
Though stern the monastic rule;  
For the heart that relents not at woman's tears,  
And turns with disdain from a woman's prayers  
Is the heart of a craver fool.

Ah Porter! bethink thee what ills are wrought  
By the glance of a bright black eye;  
But the snare is laid and the bird is caught,  
And reason and prudence are set at naught  
When the pulse of life beats high.

So he turned him through the wicket anon,  
And he mounted the winding stair;  
Till he reached the cell where the dark-eyed nun  
Stood like an image of breathing stone  
So stately so pale and fair.

Haughty her glance and stern her air,  
And her eyes gleamed wild and bright,  
And flashed through the braids of her coal black hair,  
As flashes the beam of the planet star  
Through the deepening gloom of night.



She raised a lamp from behind the door,  
And flung the taper's ray  
Where a sackcloth robe on the chamber floor  
All draggled and rent and stained with gore  
Like a funeral garment lay.

And propt against the pallet bed  
He beheld! oh sight unblest,  
The corpse of a monk but newly dead,  
With a dagger's blade all reeking red  
In the murdered victim's breast.

"Away with that carrion," fierce she cried,  
"Go bear thy burthen straight  
Through the cypress grove and the garden wide  
That encircle the convent's eastern side,  
To the unlatched postern gate.

"And cast him down from the rampart wall,  
To the depths of the still green pool  
Where the toad and the serpent croak and crawl,  
And the wild dogs troop at the twilight's fall  
Their frothing jaws to cool.

"Yet hold that thy spirit may bear thee up  
Through the bold and dismal task,  
Here drain to its last and spiciest drop  
This rich draught mantling in the cup  
From Oviedo's cask."

Trembling he drank, and he felt each vein  
Throb high with the kindling heat,  
That thrilled almost with a thrill of pain  
Through each tingling nerve from his dizzy brain  
Adown to his very feet.

He bowed at the knees of that lady bright,  
And madly 'gan to pray  
That she his love with her footstep light  
Should follow him on in his daring flight  
To some region far away.

To those fabled isles of bliss that lie  
Beyond the Atlantic waves,  
Where the feathered palm trees brush the sky,  
And aromatic breezes sigh  
Through ocean's pearly caves.

"Be hushed" she cried "submit to fate,  
Pronounced is fate's decree :  
First do thine errand bold youth and wait  
For wait thou wilt beside the gate,  
Leave leave the rest to me."

Some words he stammered he scarce knew what,  
And to his lips he bare  
Her small white hand which seas could not  
Cleanse from the stain of one crimson spot,  
That had left its token there.

Away from that cell the porter hied,  
And bore his burthen straight  
Through the cypress grove and the garden wide  
That encircled the Convent's eastern side,  
To the unlatched northern gate.

And down he hurled the lifeless mass  
Sheer from the rampart's height,  
Where waves the rank and sedgy grass  
Along the edge of the dull morass  
In the witchfire's wandering light.

Now Porter lay thee down and sleep !  
Thence shalt thou rouse thee never—  
For the poisoned cup hath begun to steep  
Both sense and soul in the slumber deep  
That shall seal thine eyes for ever.

## THE DIVER.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

“Is there a knight or squire so bold  
 To plunge into the dark abyss,  
 And dare to snatch this cup of gold  
 Forth from its breakers fathomless ?  
 Whosoe’er may fetch it up  
 Let him keep the golden cup.”

The monarch tossed the glittering prize  
 From the rock whereon he stood ;  
 And followed it with yearning eyes  
 Into Charybdis’ howling flood :  
 “Who has the heart, I ask once more,  
 To plunge into the whirlpool’s roar ?”

But the knights and squires around  
 Hear his voice and hold their breath,  
 And gaze upon the gulf profound  
 Yawning like the gate of death.  
 When the monarch asks again,  
 “Will not one of all my train  
 Explore the secrets of the main ?”

Still never a word spoke squire nor lord ;  
 But a page at the king’s behest  
 Stept out from among the trembling throng  
 And loosened his broidered vest :  
 Whilst all who the desperate purpose saw,  
 Stared on the reckless youth with awe.

Calm on the brink he stood and steady,  
Gazing on the tortured waves  
Which erst the Charybdean eddy  
Had whirled within her oozy caves,  
And now upon the echoing shore  
Regurgitates with hideous roar.

And the briny ocean bubbles and hisses  
Like water when cast on fire,  
And gushes and spouts from the deep abysses  
In columns flung higher and higher,  
And all unexhausted the cauldron seems  
Pouring forth a succession of boiling streams.

Lulled at length is the wrath and trouble,  
When a strange and fearful well  
Yawns in the midst of the froth and bubble  
Like the fathomless pit of hell :  
And again the waves with eddying spasm  
Are sucked into the whirlpool's chasm.

And the youth before their returning roar,  
Hath commended his soul to heaven—  
Bursts a wild cry from the standers by  
To behold him downwards driven,  
And over the swimmer fair and brave  
Entombed in the mysterious wave  
Are closed the jaws of a watery grave.

Stilled was the pool, not a ripple stirred,  
But beneath the surface smooth  
The murmur of pent up strife was heard,  
And from lip to lip passed the doleful word  
Farewell stout-hearted youth !  
Still grumbled and growled the sullen sea  
And the pulse of each heart beat painfully.

Men felt that e'en though the crown lay there  
And he who from the deep  
Should bring it, might the bauble wear—  
There let it ever sleep !  
Kingdom nor crown could ne'er redeem  
One victim from Charybdis' stream.

Full many a gallant bark hath sent  
When the merciless whirl had caught her,  
Her shivered keel and her timbers rent  
Back from that boiling water.  
Which now like the hurricane's wild commotion  
Belches in wrath from the roaring ocean.

And again it bubbles and foams and hisses  
Like water when cast on fire,  
And gushes and spouts from the dark abysses  
In columns flung higher and higher,  
And again the tortured sea's vibration  
Shakes the rude rocks' deep foundation.

But lo from the torrent submarine  
A snowy gleam emerges,  
And an arm and a fair white throat are seen,  
And feebly the swimmer floats between  
The channel's eddying surges ;  
'Tis he with his left hand holding up  
In token of triumph the golden cup.

His bosom heaved long with convulsion strong,  
When he greeted the light of day,  
And a shout burst forth from the joyful throng  
He lives he returns, hurrah !  
The brave the beautiful hath risen  
Unharm'd, unchanged from his briny prison.

He clings to the rock and his happy friends  
Upraise him from the water,  
And low on his knees the diver bends  
And the golden cup to the king extends—  
Who beckons his lovely daughter,  
And she filled it up with the sparkling wine,  
And encouraged the youth with her voice and sign  
To tell the terrors of the brine.

“ Oh sire let all be content whose breath  
Is drawn from the gladsome air,  
In the waters beneath there is gloom and death,  
Let mortal man beware  
And never again desire to see  
What heaven hath wrapt in mystery.

It bore me down like the lightning's flash,  
And lo from a rocky cleft  
A tearing stream did against me dash,  
And that double shock bereft  
All power of motion and drove me round,  
In the giddy whirl benumbed and drowned.

But God to whose holy name I prayed  
In that moment of awful need,  
Shewed me a reef upon which I stayed  
My sinking strength, and I clung for aid  
To the stems of the coral weed.  
And the golden cup in its branches hung  
By the force of the eddying currents flung.

Huge rocks and gulfs beneath me roll'd  
Immersed in purple gloom,  
And my eyes looked down with shuddering cold  
Mid a silence like the tomb,  
On the reptiles and fish and Polypi,  
That swam in the currents whirling by.

The water was black with hideous clusters  
Of jelly-fish crab and worm,  
The prickly urchins the star-like asters,  
And the sword-fish's dreadful form,  
And the prowling shark, the wolf of the sea  
Glared with his glaucous eyes on me.

And there I hung on the coral scaur,  
My every pulse subdued,  
From sympathy and succour far  
In the dismal solitude :  
The only feeling heart among  
The trackless ocean's scaly throng.

When rapid as thought the shark drew near  
Self-poised in the whirling current,  
And oped his dread jaws, in the madness of fear  
I let go the grasp that retained me there  
And abandoned myself to the torrent,  
Whose stream irresistible bore me up  
Unwounded though breathless again to the top."

With wondering mind replied the king,  
"This goblet youth is thine—  
And to the cup I'll add a ring  
Adorned with jewels fine,  
If thou wilt venture once again  
To the deeper chambers of the main."

But then outspoke that lady fair,  
With coaxing voice she pleads,  
"Oh father tempt him not to dare  
Again such desperate deeds—  
Say hath not the modest page's fame  
Put knight and squire alike to shame !"

Thereat the monarch seized the cup  
And flung it in the water,  
“ Now if once more thou fetch it up  
Behold my peerless daughter,  
Who pleads for thy sake at her father’s side  
Shall embrace thee to-night as thy gentle bride.”

Oh then was the power of love displayed,  
And fire from the youth’s eye flashes  
As he sees the lovely the weeping maid  
Turn faint and paler than ashes,  
It goads him to madness the prize to win,  
And for life or for death he plunges in.

The eddies whirl round with a sullen sound,  
And are spouted again to the shore,  
And hither and thither the waves dash together,  
But the youth he returns no more—  
Only a blood-red stain is seen  
Streaking the course of the waters green.







## THE OLD HUNTING SCHLOSS.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

The guests were all to the forest gone  
 To hunt the deer with hound and horn,  
 In the ancient Schloss I sat alone  
 Awaiting dreamily their return.  
 Th' autumnal sunset's pale red beam  
 Streamed through the narrow casement barred,  
 And all as still as death did seem  
 Save the trees that sighed in the Castle yard.

The frames antique of tarnished gold,  
 The chimney's stone carved foliage,  
 The dark and faded tapestry's fold,  
 Seemed remnants of a former age :  
 The quaint old clock began its chime,  
 An ancient love tune was the strain,  
 And I dreamed of those who in olden time  
 Had heard that tune with mirth or pain.

The portraits seemed to leave their frames,  
 And throng with shadowy forms the floor,  
 And steel clad knights and stately dames  
 Swam through the vaulted corridor :  
 I saw the silks the gold brocade,  
 The ample hoop the jewelled band,  
 When on my shoulder there was laid  
 The pressure of an icy hand.

I turned and there, so help me God,  
A lady stood with features pale,  
And hands like a sepulchral clod,  
In mourning robe and sable veil;  
She looked, but oh that piteous look !  
That glazed and half extinguished eye !  
Seemed as though this world I forsook  
And glanced into eternity.

She beckoned me—no step I heard  
No rustling train that swept the floor,  
She gave no greeting spoke no word,  
But open flew each chamber door  
As on she went, I followed dumb  
Through state apartments chill and lone :  
By staircase, passage, tapestried room,  
And vaulted arch and walls of stone.

She turned and entered a deep recess,  
On a slab in a gloomy chamber there  
Lay a gold embroidered *etui* case,  
By a curtained bed with hangings fair.  
With her corpse-like hand she seemed to point  
To the table first and then the floor,  
I reeled and shuddered in every joint,  
To see on the planks a blot of gore.

When I rose the phantom appeared not,  
She had melted like mist into empty air :  
I stood transfixed to the fatal spot,  
With leaden foot and with bristling hair :  
My heart was ice my head swam round,  
When the hunter's chorus echoing loud,  
And the bugle's call and the baying hound  
Aroused me, and trembling I joined the crowd.



### THE STEWARD'S TALE.

The night was dark—in the chimney nook  
 The steward and I we sat together,  
 While the fitful blast the turret shook,  
 And the owls shrieked shrill in the gusty weather :  
 And while in owning the vision dread  
 I gave my burthened soul relief,  
 “ You have seen her then,” he only said,  
 And thus he told the tale of grief.

“ She was a rich and haughty dame,  
 In childhood mated to one unloved,  
 Austere and jealous of her fane,  
 Howe’er by pride or passion moved ;  
 Her eye the menial crew restrained,  
 Few could its angry glance withstand,  
 She never sang nor laughed, but reined  
 Her hunting steed with a manly hand.

Her daughter was of a different mood,  
 An only child of gentle mind,  
 Like a lovely rose in its native wood  
 That flings its fragrance to the wind :  
 Her hair waved gold in the breezes wild,  
 Her deep blue eyes like violets were,  
 My grandsire saw her when a child,  
 And could not name her without a tear.

A youth to the Castle came—ere long  
A change in that fair young girl was wrought,  
Her pleasure was now to hear his song,  
And read the riddle of his thought ;  
She loved in silence, but when the spring  
Brought back the flowers and woke the grove,  
It touched her young heart's awakening,  
She loved and fell, who is safe from love !

Dumb was the mother's wrath, but deep,  
The daughter wept the youth implored,  
In vain they kneel, in vain they weep,  
He fled and perished by the sword.  
But when the purple vintage glowed,  
Athwart that tower was drawn a veil ;  
And there the young life's current flowed,  
Like a frozen stream in a sunless dale.

One night the trembling menials spoke  
Of stealthy steps and whisperings nigh,  
Then stifled groans the silence broke,  
And then an infant's wailing cry ;  
Then all was silent—through that door  
The countess stept all deathly pale,  
You saw the bodkin, ask no more,  
That fatal blood spot tells the tale.

The young heart broke—with wonted pride  
The funeral pomp they celebrate ;  
The silver lamps burnt on either side,  
And the mourners were ranged in solemn state :  
Like a statue of stone her mother came,  
And laid without ever a sob or tear,  
With unfaltering hand, but with eyes of flame,  
The virgin wreath on her daughter's bier.

Before a twelvemonth past, once more  
The funeral pageant forth was led ;  
The countess to her grave they bore,  
But rest she found not with the dead.  
For when in autumn's pale twilight  
Is heard the sound of vesper chime,  
That bloody spot calls forth her sprite,  
To haunt the scene that saw her crime."

He paused—I durst not quit the place,  
Nor turn my eyes from the blazing coal,  
For fear of that chill ghastly face,  
That look which froze the inmost soul :  
The driving rain on the casement pane  
Beat, as the tempest sank and rose,  
I seized my light—" Old man good night !  
Let us pray for the guilty soul's repose."



## THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

Night glooms upon the Rhine, and dark  
 The solemn stream rolls by,  
 While on his wave a little bark  
 Is floating listlessly.

Within an armed cavalier  
 Looks vacantly around,  
 There's a stain of blood on his golden hair,  
 As from a recent wound.

Quoth he, "Behold your fortress old  
 That frowns upon the Rhine,  
 The ladye faire that castle's heir  
 This night shall she be mine.

Her promise she hath pledged to me,  
 Hath plighted me her vow,  
 What if she broke the words she spoke—  
 All all is over now."

With bitter scorn like one forlorn,  
 And void of hope spake he;  
 And if the while he seemed to smile,  
 That smile was drear to see.

And now each guest to the marriage feast  
Within that ancient hall  
Is welcomed there, but the ladye fair  
Sits lonely on the wall.

Not a skiff or boat remains afloat,  
While the dance is never stayed—  
But the pensive bride hath escaped aside  
To the garden's tranquil shade.

And while the song in chorus rung,  
She dreamed of days gone by,  
And wept to hear the bridal cheer  
That chimed so merrily.

Then the gay bridegroom, as he doffed his plume,  
Stept up in the silent night,  
And spoke so kind to her troubled mind  
That again her heart was light.

“Why weep ye by the tide ladye—  
Why weep when all are gay?  
When the stars shine bright in the blue midnight,  
And the rushing waters play.

With the bridal wreath in your tresses dark  
You look like a nymph divine,  
Come sail with me in the little bark  
Upon the rippling Rhine.”

She followed him down to the little boat,  
And sate her in the bow—  
And quickly the knight set the skiff afloat,  
As he let the moorings go.

“ Ah me the sounds of the song and dance  
On the wings of the wind are gone,  
No more in the stream do the windows gleam  
So swiftly the boat sails on :

What mountain range so wild and strange  
Stretches onward wide and far,  
What sudden thrill doth my bosom chill  
As we pass yon rugged scaur !

And forms unknown on its crest of stone  
Look down on our bounding skiff,  
And throng the height in the dim moonlight,  
All ghastly and pale and stiff.”

But still in the gloom sate the dull bridegroom,  
And never a token gave,  
As he steered the bark through the waters dark,  
And gazed on the sullen wave.

Again she spake—“ See the morning break  
Through the red and lurid cloud—  
Wild sounds I hear in the misty air,  
And the cocks are crowing loud.

Why sits my love so pale ! and why  
Doth the red blood soil thy hair—  
Oh for mercy now no bridegroom thou !”  
But a phantom knight is there.

Then he rose from his seat, and the storm that beat  
On the surging wave and wood,  
Is stilled at his glance o’er the wide expanse  
Of forest and field and flood.



And a strange delight mixed with wild affright  
Through her heart and her fancy strayed,  
As she gazed at him in feature and limb  
Her earliest love portrayed.

He called her his own, in his arms of stone  
He encircled her fainting form,  
And his bride he prest to his icy breast,  
Then vanished away in the storm.

The sun rose high in the Eastern sky  
Amid vapours of bloody red,  
In a drifting boat, that was seen afloat,  
The ladye fair lay dead.



## THE KING AND THE ABBOT.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

I'll tell you a story as droll as may be,  
 There once lived a king and a stern king was he,  
 And there once was an abbot, a prouder lived never,  
 But his shepherd though humble was ten times as clever.

Austere was the monarch the whole twelvemonth round,  
 Oftimes in his armour he slept on the ground,  
 And often he dined on coarse bread and black broth,  
 And often was famished for want of them both.

But the abbot he took of himself better care,  
 Very sound were his slumbers and dainty his fare,  
 His round visage glowed with good feeding and mirth,  
 And two men could hardly encompass his girth.

The Sovereign's visits were sudden and rare,  
 But one day when the Abbot was taking the air,  
 At the head of a soldierly train he rode by,  
 With the sun blazing bright in a hot summer sky.

"Oh—ho!" cries the monarch, "Sir Abbot good speed!"  
 And he smiled a grim smile as he reined in his steed;  
 "How goes it Sir Prelate! methinks pretty fair—  
 You don't lose your flesh with your fasting and prayer.

"But you sure must be plagued with abundance of leisure,  
 And a little more work will be so much more pleasure;  
 For they say you're a man of such marvellous learning,  
 That the grass while it grows can't escape your discerning.

“So now I will give your oracular jaws  
Three hard nuts to crack without much time to pause ;  
In the space of three months you must finish the task,  
And when that time is over three questions I’ll ask.

“ And first when I sit on th’ imperial throne,  
With my jewels and royal habiliments on,  
Súrrounded by all that is gorgeous on earth,  
You must tell me how much to a farthing I’m worth.

“ And next I require that this secret be found—  
How long it would take me to ride the world round :  
The time for this feat to a minute you’ll say,  
For I know that such riddles to you must be play.

“ And thirdly Sir Prelate, you’ll guess and declare  
The thoughts of my mind to the breadth of an hair ;  
Thus I fairly shall prove thee, but only in sooth  
These thoughts must be void of one tittle of truth.

“ And if these three problems you fail to divine,  
No longer shall you be an abbot of mine ;  
But a jackass shall carry you over the land,  
With instead of a bridle, his tail in your hand.”

Then off rode the monarch with gibe and with sneer,  
But the priest tore his hair with vexation and fear ;  
No criminal ever looked more woe begone  
When his trial was past and his sentence came on.

He sent to th’ academy, sent to the college,  
Made all the philosophers rub up their knowledge,  
Bribed all the professors, but lost his digestion,  
For never a doctor could answer one question.

As the abbot meanwhile for interpreters seeks,  
The hours grow to days and the days grow to weeks,  
And the weeks grow to months, till the last day draws nigh—  
And pale dawns the morn to the priest's jaundiced eye.

Poor soul ! with sunk eyes and with wan haggard face  
He sought in the forest the loneliest place :  
And there on a pathway all rugged with rock,  
Hans Bendich the shepherd was feeding his flock.

"My lord abbot," quoth he, "you're sore shrunk and haggart  
You're wasted just like the burnt end of a faggot—  
Holy Virgin and saints ! what's befallen our master,  
By my certie you've suffered some grievous disaster."

"Oh my worthy Hans Bendich ! you rightly have guessed,  
'Tis the king that has banished all peace from my breast,  
And has fixed in my teeth three such hard nuts to break,  
As Satan himself could not manage to crack.

"The first is, that when on th' imperial throne  
He sits with his royal habiliments on,  
Surrounded by all that is gorgeous on earth,  
I'm to say to a farthing how much he is worth.

"And next he demands that the secret be found  
How long it would take him to ride the world round ;  
To a minute the time I'm expected to say,  
For he swears that such riddles to me must be play.

"And thirdly I'm doomed, wretched man, to declare  
The thoughts of his mind to the breadth of an hair,  
Then he truly shall judge me, but only forsooth,  
These thoughts must be void of one tittle of truth.

And if I can't answer these hard questions three,  
He vows that no longer an abbot I'll be :  
But a jackass shall carry me over the land,  
With instead of a bridle, his tail in my hand.

"Sir is that all" Hans Bendich with laughing replied—  
"Take comfort, I'll soon the right answers provide  
Your cap and your robes and your cross let me borrow,  
Never fear—you shall still be an abbot to-morrow.

"For though I'm not able in Latin to jabber,  
I can peep through a millstone as well as my neighbour—  
And some things you wiseacres can't have for money  
I sucked in with her milk from my mother like honey."

The abbot he leaped like a kid with delight—  
And soon was Hans Bendich so richly bedight  
With mitre and mantle, and crozier and ring,  
Then boldly he went to the court of the king.

And there on his throne the proud sovereign sate  
With his sceptre and crown, and his jewels of state ;  
"Now tell me" Sir Abbot "and mind tell me true  
How much I am worth as I'm valued by you."

"For thirty broad pieces our Lord was betrayed,  
And now as your majesty will be obeyed,  
Since the price of His blood must be greater than thine,  
Your value I rate at just twenty-and-nine."

"Ahem" said the monarch "there's something in that  
To humble our grandeur and lessen our state :  
But by my good sword and my honour I vow,  
I never esteemed myself dog cheap till now.

"But have you an answer to question the second?  
The time for a ride round the world have you reckoned?  
Not a minute too much or too little you'll say  
For I'm sure that such riddles to you must be play."

"Sir King—if you'll get up and ride with the sun,  
And follow his car till his circuit be run,  
I'll wager my cross and episcopal robe,  
That in twenty-four hours you will ride round the globe."

Ha—ha! laughed the king, "you can jest in your need,  
With *ifs* and with *buts* you have foraged the steed,  
When a man of his *ifs* and his *buts* has good plenty,  
He may plenish his pockets with coin when they are empty."

"But now for the third, good Sir Priest, or alas  
I fear you may yet have your ride on the ass—  
What think I that's false—answer quickly, and mind  
That you leave all your *ifs* and perhaps's behind."

"Your Majesty thinks I'm the Prior of St. Ruth"—  
"Yes and certainly that can't be far from the truth."  
Your pardon dread sire you're too little observant,  
My Lord Abbot's at home I'm Hans Bendich his servant."

"What not my Lord Abbot"—the monarch replies,  
While joy and astonishment beam in his eyes;  
Thou not my Lord Abbot the better for thee,  
For the Prior of St. Ruth soon Hans Bendich shall be."

"I'll invest thee with mitre and mantle and ring,  
But to carry thy master a donkey we'll bring,  
So let him endeavour *Quid Juris* to know,  
For they who would reap should first labour to sow."

"Sire grant me your pardon ! 'twould scarcely be better,"  
For I can't read or cypher or scribble a letter,  
Still less could I manage in Latin to preach,  
What the boy hath not learnt, the man never can teach."

"That's a pity my worthy Hans Bendich for me,  
Then ask for yourself what the favour shall be—  
For I'm vastly content with your excellent wit,  
And fain would I grant you the boon you think fit."

"Sir King just at present my wishes are few,  
But trusting your majesty's favour is true,  
I will ask for myself as an honest reward,  
Your forgiveness and grace for my reverend Lord."

"And that you shall have, honest fellow, instead,  
For I see that your heart is as good as your head,  
The abbot we'll pardon for Hans Bendich's sake,  
And you to your master the tidings shall take."

"But we now make it known to that right Lordly Prior,  
That Hans Bendich no longer shall serve him for hire,  
But a fifth of the abbey's revenues shall keep  
For the future in plenty the feeder of sheep."



## FATALITY.

“Awake my sire ! the ruddy morn  
 Gleams bright o’er earth and sky,  
 The dewdrops on the tangled thorn  
 Like diamond clusters lie,  
 And hark the hunter’s echoing horn  
 Rings loud and merrily.”

Slow from his couch the Pacha rose,  
 And answer made he none,  
 But sate and gazed in stern repose  
 Upon his princely son :

And there the stalwart stripling stood,  
 Equipped in hunting gear,  
 Grasping with eager hand the wood  
 Of his long hunting spear.

Beneath his close and polished casque  
 His raven ringlets twine,  
 From his broad baldrick hangs the flask  
 That loads his carabine.

Light rings of steel all interlaced  
 Protect each sinewy limb,  
 The tight-drawn girdle clasps his waist  
 Small, flexible, and slim.

Like Meleager there he stood,  
 And as Adonis fair,  
 When clad in arms they sought the wood  
 To rouse the slumbering bear.



“ Hark to the bloodhound’s stifled bay,  
See on the dusty plain  
My Juba rears to start away,  
And shakes his snowy mane.

The sun is up—beneath his fire  
The steaming scent will fade,  
Give me thy blessing, Royal Sire !  
The chase is still delayed.”

“ Now rest this day my noble boy !  
Come nearer to my heart,  
For other thoughts my soul employ  
I cannot let thee part.

The sunbeams’ fiery stroke may chance  
On thy loved head to fall,  
I dread the wound of heedless lance  
Or erring rifle ball ;

Go seek the shelter of the brake,  
Go where thy barge floats near  
Among the sedges of the lake  
Cool, calm, and crystal clear—

And Leila there her harp shall bring,  
And in the cedar grove  
At noontide’s scorching hour shall sing  
The lays of peace and love.”

“ Ah ! say not so my noble lord !  
Such slothful days I scorn ;  
I love the clash of lance and sword,  
I love the hound and horn ;

I love to scour the desert sand,  
And drive the beasts of chase  
Till brought to bay they panting stand,  
O'ertaken in the race.

This very night from Atlas' height  
Two mighty lions came,  
And prowled around our tented ground,  
With glaring eyes of flame;

Two milk-white steers, the herdsman's pride,  
Beneath their talons bled:  
Revenge! revenge! on Atlas' side,  
I'll slay them where they fed."

The father's cheek turned ashen hue,  
His frame with terror shook,  
The clammy sweat like drops of dew  
Out on his forehead broke:

And once and twice he strove to speak,  
But twice he strove in vain,  
Till tears rolled down his furrowed cheek,  
And brought his voice again.

"Now sit thee down at my bed-side,  
Forgive an old man's fears—  
Thou art the only prop and pride  
Of my declining years.

I love thee for my lost Gulnare,  
For her sake, and thine own,  
I love thee as the promised heir  
Of Mauritania's throne.

Last night I dreamed a fearful dream,  
And thrice it came and went,  
And thrice I heard some spirit scream  
A wild and shrill lament :

I saw thee by a lion torn,  
I saw thy death-stroke given,  
Nay Akbar ! frown not so, nor scorn  
A vision sent by Heaven."

But then out broke that fiery youth,  
"What doating tales are these !  
And would'st thou palm on me for truth  
Nocturnal phantasies ?

Am I a child, a timid slave,  
To tremble when the wind  
May shake the lattice bars, or wave  
The tapestry behind ?

Where is mine ancient nurse to reach  
Her babe a helping hand ?  
Or old Mahommed's rod to teach  
Obedience to command ?"

"Enough," the wrathful Pacha cried,  
Upon thy life forbear !  
Refrain thine insolence and pride  
Thou bold undutecous heir !

"Ho guards !" he clapped his hands—"retire  
And leave me to my rest—  
I'll teach thee to respect thy sire,  
I place thee in arrest."

The mantling flush of shame o'erspread  
The stripling's contrite brow,  
He kneeled, and humbly on the bed  
He laid his sabre low :

And choking with the stifled sob  
Of mingled grief and pride,  
He meekly kissed his father's robe  
Then turned him from his side.

And now behold the youth removed  
Within his lonely room,  
Far from the scenes he dearly loved  
Behold him fret and fume :

Till pacing up and down he sees  
Upon the wall portrayed,  
And shadowed o'er with giant trees  
A glorious hunt arrayed.

The god-like Alexander there  
Bucephalus bestrode,  
And roused the lion from his lair  
In Atropatia's wood :

Him followed with a gorgeous train,  
Hephæstion and Parmenio brave,  
And many a courser scoured the plain,  
And many a turbaned slave.

There crouched the forest's lion king  
With eyes of sanguine glow,  
And bristling mane in act to spring  
On his advancing foe.

"Vile brute," the youth exclaims, "no doubt  
Thy grisly painted form  
Haunted the Pacha's dreams and brought  
On my poor head the storm :

Take this for thy reward"—he drove  
His fist i' the lion's face  
With heedless vehemence, and clove  
In twain the mimic chase :

Ah fatal stroke ! a treacherous point  
Behind the arras skein,  
Transpierced his wrist's unguarded joint  
Through artery and vein ;

Burst the warm life-blood from the wound  
In torrents on the floor,  
And sprinkled all the tapestry round,  
With jets of crimson gore.

Vain were the leech's healing cares  
To that torn arm applied,  
Vain his distracted father's prayers,  
He languished, sank and died.





### THE CURSE OF BENDONALD.

Sir Hubert sat in the Hunter's chair,  
 With a brow of gloom, and a heart of care ;  
     And he gazed from its caverned arch  
 Upon Coigach's rugged cliffs, and o'er  
 The cloudy skirts of the huge Benmore,  
 And along the creeks of the wild sea-shore,  
 And the chain of lakes, and the mountains hoar,  
     To the distant Assynt march.

The Hunter's chair was a natural cell,  
 Beneath a crag's high pinnacle,  
     With a transverse stone within ;  
 And there when the fiercest tempests rave,  
 And lash into foam the lake's wild wave—  
 The shepherd who fears such storm to brave,  
 May rest for a while in the lonely cave,  
     And sit with a warm dry skin.

And here when the summer sunset's ray  
 Poured a golden light on the rocky brae,  
     And gleamed on the purple heath ;  
 Oft have Bendonald's Chieftains spied  
 The dun deer browse on the mountain side,  
 And numbered their antlered stags with pride,  
 As they bathed their sleek and dappled hide  
     In the crystal loch beneath.

But not for this sat Sir Hubert there,  
Nor sought for such purpose the Hunter's chair,  
    Though his steel-bow rested nigh ;  
And two noble stag-hounds of visage grim,  
With their frame of wire, and length of limb,  
    Lay watching their master's eye.

Far other and darker thoughts, I trow,  
Set the stamp of care on Sir Hubert's brow,  
    For he mused on the fearful ban  
That for ages had hung o'er his fated race,  
And smitten with death the blooming face  
Of each youthful heir that was born to grace  
    Bendonald's ancient clan.

Now three hundred years are past and gone  
Since the Hag that was burnt on the Hunter's stone  
    Had uttered the curse of old ;  
And whether t'was sanctioned by Heaven or Hell,  
I dare not pronounce, but sooth to tell,  
Ever since that hour the terrible spell  
    Had accomplished the doom foretold.

And this is the tale of the Witch that died  
In the midst of flames on Mal-Nuchrie's side,  
    At the top of the Hunter's cairn ;  
When the angry Chief of the forest and glen  
Had summoned his troop of twice twenty men,  
    To perform his mandate stern.

MacEwan the Chief had hunted in vain  
Over mountain and moor with all his train,  
    For five long weeks and a day ;  
And his arrows so keen had all missed their mark,  
And his stag-hounds had galloped from day light to dark,  
And returned in the gloaming all wearied and stark,  
    Nor had held one deer to bay.

Each day that he traversed the forest and moor,  
More savage he grew, and more fiercely swore,  
That the legions of Hell had combined  
To do him despite, that before him they flew  
Through the mists of the morning, a shadowy crew,  
And frightened the antlered herds from his view,  
And leaving a sulphurous taint on the dew,  
Had bewildered the scent of his Sleuth-hounds true,  
And rode on the eddying wind.

MacEwan the Chief was cruel and hard;  
He pummelled his huntsman, and stabbed his bard—  
When Donald his son came nigh,  
And whispered with awe that the wrinkled Hag,  
Who dwelt in the nooks of Bendrachen's crag,  
Had blunted his arrows, and saved the stag,  
And pent up the wind in a deer-skin bag,  
And baffled the scent, and bewildered the drag,  
And darkened his gaze-hound's eye.

MacEwan the Chief, he trembled with ire,  
His breath came thick, and his eye shot fire,  
And his lips were white with foam—  
“Betide me, betide me, whate'er betide,  
Soon I'll unkennel the witch,” he cried;  
And soon he mounted the steep hill side,  
And swore that the withered crone should ride  
On flames to her hellish home.

And while she muttered, “Avaunt, avaunt,”  
He dragged her forth from her hated haunt,  
And up to the mountain lone,  
Where a pile of pine-logs stands prepared,  
And a kilted band of his vassals guard  
With blazing torches, and daggers bared,  
The face of the glowing stone.



And ere they ended her wretched life,  
They gashed her veins with the dagger knife  
Till the black blood sprang thereout ;  
And while she tossed her arms in air,  
And madly tore her streaming hair,  
They mocked her feeble and dying prayer  
With barbarous laugh and shout.

And then they cast upon the pyre  
Her heaving corpse begirt with fire ;  
And borne on the gathering storm  
The ravens in mid-air croaked aloud,  
And wheeled and stooped down on the sulphurous cloud  
That swathed as with a reeking shroud  
Her blistered and blackening form.

When, as the thunder burst above,  
A flaming spectre was seen to move  
Right upward athwart the smoke ;  
And as she hovered the clouds among,  
High o'er the terror-stricken throng,  
The echos with fiendish laughter rung,  
And thus her demon-prompted tongue  
Its malediction spoke.

“ Woe, wrath, and revenge on the barbarous man  
“ Who lords it over his trembling clan,  
“ And woe to Bendonald’s race—  
“ For never from this time forth shall an heir  
“ Survive to reward his parent’s care,  
“ But shall die in the bloom of his promise fair,  
“ And with weeping, and wailing, and wild despair,  
“ Shall be laid in his burial place.

“ And when three hundred years be past and gone,  
“ The heir at the age of twenty-one  
    “ Shall be numbered among the dead ;  
“ When a stag shall be slain from the Hunter’s stone  
“ By the hand of the father who weeps for his son,  
“ The vengeance shall end which to-day has begun,  
    “ And the shafts of fate shall be sped.”

She vanished—the thunder roared amain,  
The lightning flashed, and the drenching rain  
    Plashed down on the smouldering pile ;  
And the noisome heap of ashes was cast  
By the winds abroad on the desert waste,  
And a troop of ravens and corbies past  
In undulations strange and fast,  
With a rushing sound on the northern blast,  
    To Thule’s Hell-born Isle.

In the self-same hour a shivering came  
With ague-fits on young Donald’s frame,  
    And bright flashed his kindling eye,  
And his tongue was cloven with burning thirst,  
And soon it was seen that the Witch accurst  
Had chosen her victim, and stricken him first  
    Of Bendonald’s heirs to die.

And whether ’twas horror, or whether ’twas grief,  
A blindness fell on the childless Chief,  
    And MacEwan the stern was seen  
To grope his way round his desolate hearth,  
That never might ring with its ancient mirth,  
And cast himself down on the cold damp earth,  
    Bewailing the days that had been.

Now Sir Hubert was not like MacEwan of old,  
His heart it was tender, his spirit was bold,  
And his temper was gracious and mild ;  
And though from his youth he'd a forester been,  
Yet oft in the glen might Sir Hubert be seen  
To sport with his children, and dance on the green,  
And gaze with delight on the fair face and mien  
Of young Kenneth his first-born child.

Yet still as he looked you might sometimes trace  
An expression of sadness steal over his face,  
And cloud the fond father's brow ;  
For now had three centuries past and gone  
Since the Hag was burnt on the Hunter's stone,  
And young Kenneth had lived to be twenty-one ;  
And he feared that the Witch's malison  
Still hung o'er his race, and threatened his son  
With a secret but terrible blow.

And thus to forebodings dire a prey  
On the morn of young Kenneth's natal day,  
He arose, and wended his lonely way  
To Mal-Nuchrie's heights of snow ;  
And it seemed as he went, that a phantom like air  
Overshadowed his path on the mountain bare  
Till he reached the rock of the Hunter's chair,  
When he told his beads, and vowed in his prayer  
To devote to St. Hubert a chapel fair,  
If the Saint would befriend him now.

Devoutly and humbly Sir Hubert prayed  
To God and his Patron Saint for aid ;  
And scarce had he ended his prayer  
When a stag, in the pride of his antlered grace,  
The noblest of all the forest race,  
Came bounding towards his resting place,  
Where he sat in the Hunter's chair.

He remembered the token—he thought of the spell,  
He knew that young Kenneth his boy was well,  
    And he trusted his prayer had been heard.  
Oh, confidence fatal!—oh, moment of woe!—  
He planted his foot on the rock below,  
And covering the deer with his steel cross-bow,  
He marked the true spot for a deadly blow  
    With an aim which too rarely hath erred.

The bow-string twanged sharp, and the beautiful stag  
On the instant fell over the ridge of the crag,  
    When a cry smote Sir Hubert's ear,  
So agonized, piteous, convulsive, and loud,  
It palsied his limbs, and it curdled his blood,  
And fixed him like stone to the spot where he stood  
    All unnerved and bewildered with fear.

But soon he rushed forward, and stood on the ledge  
Of rock that o'erhung the precipitous edge,  
    With Bevis and Oscar before ;  
But the noble hounds shuddered and moaned with affright,  
For the charm that the Witch's foul glamour and spite  
Had cast on his vision, was banished outright,  
And he saw stretched beneath him, oh terrible sight !  
    Young Kenneth all bathed in his gore.

He made but one effort, and cast himself down  
On the heather beside his expiring son  
    In the frenzy of grief and despair ;  
Perceiving at once that the prophecy's strain  
Was accomplished indeed, that a stag had been slain  
By the hand of the father, who weeps but in vain  
    For the death of his first-born and heir.

Then a darkness obscured the whole heaven's expanse,  
He saw not, he heard not, but sunk in a trance,  
    On the breast of his bleeding son ;  
And the folds of his vestment were dabbled in blood,  
Yet his faith and his courage all trials withstood,  
And he inwardly prayed to the Giver of good,  
And to holy St. Hubert, the Saint of the wood,  
    And murmured "Thy will, Lord, be done."

When sudden his spirits and senses were cheered,  
For lo ! in a vision St. Hubert appeared,  
    All equipped in his hunting gear ;  
And with eyes of compassion and meekly bowed head,  
Like an angel he stood o'er the living and dead,  
And sadly awhile contemplated  
The ravage which vengeance demoniac had made—  
    Then he touched the youth's breast with his spear.

"Arise and be thankful," he uttered, and straight  
With the look of a Saint, and majestic gait,  
    He turned, and was lost to the glance ;  
But who shall describe the fond father's surprise,  
When he saw from his death couch young Kenneth arise,  
And stretch out his arms, and re-open his eyes,  
Like a victim redeemed from sacrifice,  
    Or a dreamer uproused from his trance.

And when to his bosom his son he held fast,  
He scarce could believe that the miracle past  
    Had been real, substantial, and true ;  
Nor to Kenneth himself was a circumstance shewn,  
Not a blow had he felt, not a pang had he known,  
For straight with the bow-shot his senses had flown—  
But a scar of blood red on his white bosom shone  
    At the spot where the bolt had gone through.

And even to this very day 'tis pretended  
That the sons of Bendonald, from Kenneth descended,  
Still bear the red stain on their breast—  
As a sign handed down by the mercy of heaven,  
That the crimes of MacEwan the stern were forgiven,  
And the foul Witch's curse from their family driven  
By the arm of St. Hubert the blest.

And the heart of Sir Hubert rejoiced, and of all  
Who abode in the glens from Loch Damph to Achall,  
And the coves of the sea-beaten shore ;  
And the halls of Rhidorrach and Brehen-letter rung  
To the pipe of the minstrel, the dance, and the song,  
And the quaighs flowed in bumpers repeated and strong  
To the health of Sir Hubert and Kenneth the young,  
The pride of Mac-Ewan-na-mohr.



## THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

Of Edenhall the youthful Lord  
 For a sumptuous feast gave trumpet call,  
 Then rising at the festive board  
 He pledged both knights and ladies all  
 A toast in the Luck of Edenhall.

The Musgrave spoke, but with downcast look  
 That Castle's ancient Seneschall  
 Forth from its silken casket took  
 The precious cup of bright crystalle  
 Surnamed the Luck of Edenhall.

"To this time honoured goblet's praise  
 Pour out the red wine of Portugal"  
 Trembling the old man poured, and all  
 The guests were aware of the purple rays  
 That flashed from the Luck of Edenhall.

Again he spoke up, as he raised the cup,  
 This goblet rare of the rock crystalle  
 "The fairies of yore to my grandsire gave  
 At a fountain's brink, and bade him engrave  
 In characters fair to be seen by all,  
 If ever this glass shall break or fall  
 Farewell to the Luck of Edenhall."

Thus it comes to pass by a chalice of glass  
 Our family fortunes are held in thrall,  
 While we love to quaff the red wine, and laugh  
 Till we shiver the glass in our ancient hall,  
 The first in the dance and the last in the brawl,  
 Now prove we the Luck of Edenhall.

The charm'd cup it rings as the nightingale sings  
In a tone soft and varied and musical,  
Then it swells like the roaring of a cataract pouring,  
Till it rolls like the thunder when the clouds burst asunder,  
That splendid charm'd chalice of Edenhall.

“The Musgrave's bold race scorns a frail piece of glass  
For a shield and a sword and a fortified wall,  
Too long has it lasted—let the value be tested—  
Strike the glass, strike the glass—with this last stroke of all  
Here goes the famed fortune of Edenhall.”

The glass shrilling broke, and the edifice shook  
Through the length and the breadth of that stately hall,  
And a fiery flash with the ruinous crash  
Streamed through the breach of the breaking wall,  
With the broken Luck of Edenhall.

And the enemy came with his sword and flame  
Rushing in like a flood o'er the rampart wall,  
And he fell by the sword that impetuous Lord,  
With clenched hand grasping in his fall  
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

But at dawn of day with tresses grey  
The Castle's ancient Seneschall  
Through the blackened ruins was seen to stray,  
Seeking the bones of his Lord where he lay  
With the shattered Luck of Edenhall.

“The tower of stone is overthrown”  
Feebly murmurs that Henchman lone,  
“The stately column and massive wall  
From their pride must pass like a shivered glass  
Yea! the globe itself shall in fragments fall  
Like the broken Luck of Edenhall.”





## RIZPAH.

"And Rizpah the daughter of Aiah took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night."—2 SAMUEL, chap. xxi., v. 10.

She sate through the sun's meridian glare  
 Till the midnight dews dropped o'er her—  
 In the silence and sadness of stern despair,  
 Save when she uplifted her voice to scare  
 The beasts of the field or the birds of the air,  
 From the ghastly scene before her.

She sate from the days when the yellow corn  
 To the reaper's stroke was bending—  
 Till the sheaves on the harvest wains were borne,  
 And the bleak winds howled through the night forlorn,  
 And the rains ushered in th' autumnal morn  
 With its misty shroud impending.

The childless mother—the widowed wife  
 On a sackcloth mat reposing—  
 Weeps for the bygone period, rife  
 With vengeance and murder and deadly strife  
 That cast their gloom on her weary life  
 In the cloudy twilight closing.

What thoughts were hers in her speechless woes  
In her long, long nights of waking ?  
Whose were those blackening corpses, whose  
The stately forms that before her rose ?  
Visions of happier days were those  
That dealt the last and heaviest throes  
To her heart with anguish breaking.

She beheld her boys in the bloom of youth—  
She beheld their royal Father !  
Till her mind comes back to the fatal truth,  
To the mandate that stifled the voice of ruth,  
To the sword, and the gibbet trees uncouth,  
To the clots of blood that bathe her.

But the Harper of Israel heard, and gave  
A last boon to Aiah's daughter—  
The only boon that she cared to crave—  
And she gathered the bones of the young and brave,  
And beside them slept in a peaceful grave  
On the banks of Jordan's water.

*July 28th, 1845.*



## THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

“ Omnes  
Urgentur, ignotique longâ  
Nocte, carent quia vate saero.”—HORAT:

In days of yore a castle stood upon a stately height  
It looked o'er all the far countrie to th' ocean blue and bright,  
And all around were gardens trim, and orchards blooming fair,  
And fountains flung their jets aloft, like rainbows in the air.

And there on his ancestral throne a puissant monarch sate,  
With sour and angry countenance in stern and solemn state,  
And fury reigns within his heart, and terror in his look,  
And vengeance in his sentences, and bloodshed in his book.

A pair of noble minstrels tow'rd the castle bent their way,  
The son a youth with golden locks, the sire with tresses grey,  
The elder bore an ivory harp upon a managed steed,  
The blooming boy beside him ran with stripling's strength  
and speed.

With solemn voice the father spoke, “ Now be prepared my  
son,  
Be ready with your noblest songs, call up your richest tone,  
And be the subject grave or gay, exert your utmost art,  
This day we'll try to soften the proud King's stony heart.”

Already stand the troubadours within the portal's screen  
Before them sit on lofty thrones the monarch and his queen—  
The king in dread magnificence like a lurid Northern Light,  
The queen in radiance pale and mild, as the silver orb of night.

And now the old man sweeps the strings, he strikes them  
full and clear,  
And rich and richer swell the chords upon the ravished ear—  
And like th' angelick chorus thrills the tenor sweet and  
strong,  
And like the Diapason rolls the sire's majestick song.

They sing of happy spring time, of love's enchanting days,  
Of freedom, and man's dignity, of constancy and praise—  
They sing of all delightful things that soothe the troubled  
breast,  
They sing of honours lost and won, of conflict and of rest.

The throng of tinselled courtiers forget their wonted scorn,  
The bravest warriors bow the knee, confess themselves and  
mourn,  
The gentle queen dissolves away in pleasure mixed with pain,  
And gives a rosebud from her breast, in guerdon for the  
strain.

“ My subjects you've seduced and would you tempt my queen  
astray”  
The scowling monarch thundered forth, to jealous rage a  
prey—  
He hurled his knife like lightning's flame, and smote the  
stripling's side,  
From whence instead of music's flow, gushed forth the  
crimson tide.

His head drooped down like lilies pale when overcharged  
with rain

He sank into his father's arms and never spoke again—  
One dying glance he upward cast, a glance that seemed to tell  
A tale of love and agony—a long and last farewell—

Then shuddered all that abject swarm, with gloom and fear  
opprest

To see the gentle youth expire upon his father's breast.  
Who throws his mantle over him and sets him on his horse  
And binds him upright on the selle, a pale and lifeless corse.

He leaves the hall of murder, through the castle gate he  
springs,

He lifts his ivory harp on high and snaps its golden strings—  
Against a marble column's base he dashes it asunder,  
And thus denounced a prophet's curse in accents like the  
thunder.

“Wo! Wo! to you proud halls—no more within your fatal  
bound

“Shall minstrel's harp be heard again, nor song, nor cheerful  
sound,

“No! only sighs and moaning and the heavy tread of slaves—

“Until the blast of vengeance howl o'er ashes, dust, and  
graves.

“Wo! Wo! ye blooming gardens! in the lovely light of May

“I show you this disfigured corpse, this pale and bloody  
clay—

“That you like him may wither your fountains all run dry,

“Your gay Parterres for evermore in desolation lie.

“Wo! to thee accursed murderer! of kings the curse and  
shame!  
“In vain be all thy strivings after wreaths of guilty fame—  
“But be thy very name o’erwhelmed in everlasting night  
“Like a dying soul’s expiring sigh cut off by early blight.”

The father hath denounced his curse, and Heaven hath heard  
the call—  
The massive walls, the pillared halls, in shapeless ruin fall—  
One marble column stands alone, the type of ancient power,  
That marble column cracked and bowed may sink from hour  
to hour.

Instead of gay Parterres around—behold a blasted heath  
No tree nor shrub gives friendly shade—no river flows  
beneath:  
The tyrant’s very name unknown to history or to verse!  
All is lost, and all forgotten—this is the Minstrel’s Curse.

*April 20th, 1845.*



ODES

AND

OCCASIONAL PIECES.







## ODES AND OCCASIONAL PIECES

### AD REGINAM.

INDICI IMPERII SCEPTRO NUPER HONESTATAM.

O Decus nostrum, Columnen tuorum,  
Angliæ Regina potens, marisque !  
Indiæ tandem Domina Imperatrix,  
Digna vocari !

Te canit regum sobolem priorum  
Scotia Alpina vigilans ab arce,  
Plaudit adversæ vetus hostis oræ Hi-  
bernia felix.

Unico quondam mulier marito  
Læta, nunc plorans obitum, sepulcro  
Te decet largas posuisse lauros,  
Funere dignas.

Jam tibi fuscis rediens ab Indis  
Navigat fluctus maris æstuosi  
Aureum portans diadema Matri,  
Filius Hæres.

Dona montani Satrapæ profundunt,  
Dona fert omnis chorus Insularum,  
Æquor et Tellus sua quæque abunde  
Munera mittunt.

Pax tuos gressus Pietasque ducunt,  
Templa consurgunt, populique sanctos  
Ædium discant celebrare ritus,  
Te duce VICTRIX.

## TO THE QUEEN.

ON HER MAJESTY'S LEAVING ENGLAND FOR THE CONTINENT.

Great Queen of Britain's Isles and Sea,  
 Of all the Titles borne by thee  
     The last is not the least.  
 For virtues more than honours famed,  
 At length thy subjects see thee named  
     Queen of the gorgeous East.

Fair Daughter of her ancient Kings,  
 On all her mountains Scotia sings  
     Thy praise in heartfelt strains,  
 And wearied with domestic strife  
 Hibernia wakes to happier life,  
     Upon her emerald plains.

Rejoicing once in nuptial state,  
 But mourning now th' untimely fate  
     Of Him thy bosom's Lord,  
 It well becomes thy love to raise  
 New honours to thy Hero's praise,  
     In life, in death adored.

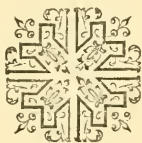
Lo ! welcomed to his native land,  
 Thy Son from India's torrid strand,  
     Yelad with new renown  
 In his brave ship serenely glides,  
 And bears along th' Arabian tides  
     His Mother's Eastern crown.

Their gifts the mountain Rajahs bring,  
And deck with gems their future King,  
    The multitude of Isles  
From sea and land their tribute pay,  
While Heaven protects his homeward way  
    With Summer's sunlit smiles.

Peace guides thy steps, and Piety  
In robe unspotted claims for thee  
    The homage of the crowd.  
The Nation's universal voice  
Still hails their Queen, and mobs rejoice  
    At sight of one so good.

Then go, great Queen, in triumph go !  
May all the winds from Heaven that blow  
    Befriend and speed thy course :  
May vernal Suns propitious shine,  
And each day bring to thee and thine  
    New stores of health and force.

1876.



## TO AN EAGLE.

Ætherial bird ! that on the mountain's peak,  
 Reposing in the sun thy mighty pinions,  
 Look'st from thy throne of clouds o'er cliff and creek,  
 Or with expanded plumes and sharpen'd beak,  
 Rangest at will thy undisturb'd dominions,  
 Majestic monarch of the sky !  
 How mean appears man's destiny,  
 When, sailing in the blue profound,  
 Thou wheel'st in measur'd circles round !  
 Or borrowest the lightning's speed,  
 Such as of old rapt Ganymede  
 Beheld thee darting from above  
 The winged messenger of Jove !  
 Him thy resounding plumage bore  
 Aloft from Simois' winding shore,  
 To minister in blest abodes,  
 An earthborn cupbearer to gods ;  
 While his reft flock, o'er Ida driven,  
 Gazed on their guardian's flight to heaven.

Bird of rapine ! bird of glory !  
 Who, in the page of Grecian story,  
 Hath followed Ammon's warrior son  
 To Issus' plain from Macedon,  
 Nor wondering mark'd thy victor wing,  
 High poised above the heroic king !  
 He, borne along the waves of war,  
 Dash'd on the mitred Persian's ear,  
 And hail'd thee from his steed of fire,  
 Proud omen of his awful sire.

Lordly bird of high dominion !  
 Under thine imperial pinion  
 Rome her banners wide unfurl'd,  
 Mistress of a prostrate world !

From Calpe's cliffs, and Afric's sand,  
 To sea-girt Thulé's bounding strand ;  
 From the banks of fair Garonne,  
 To thy dark ruins, Babylon,  
 Hear her shouts victorious ring,  
 Triumphant mark her eagle wing.

Bird of conquest, bird of sorrow !  
 A later tyrant dared to borrow  
 The splendour of thy magic name,  
 And nobly won the wreath of fame.  
 O'er Alpine snows, and Adda's flood,  
 Trace his ruthless path in blood ;  
 Austrian maids shall long abhor  
 Red Marengo's conqueror.  
 Him Vienna's sons await,  
 Mourning at her broken gate :  
 While her Danube's mazy flow  
 A moment checks th' advancing foe—  
 How sternly calm th' invader sits  
 Amid thy carnage, Austerlitz !  
 How scornful hears, on Jena's plain,  
 A royal heroine plead in vain !  
 His star is waned—his race is run !—  
 Where is dread Napoleon ?  
 Gallia's eagle backward driven,  
 Quail'd beneath an arctic heaven ;  
 Europe's conqueror subdued,  
 Lies in his rocky solitude :  
 A thousand leagues of salt sea foam  
 Have borne him to his island home ;  
 Here his crimes and sorrows cease—  
 The mighty exile sleeps in peace.  
 ——— And haply thou, sad bird and lone,  
 With drooping wing and ruffled plume,  
 Above the warrior's lowly tomb,  
 Sit'st like a spirit, on thy mountain throne,  
 To guard from touch profane his monumental stone.

## TO THE FARNE ISLANDS.

Bleak Isles ! where Piety in ancient days  
 Her altars founded on the sea-beat shore,  
 And white-robed monks sang their Creator's praise  
 Amid the tempest's whirl and billow's roar ;  
 What though no more that solitary space  
 Shall ring with loud Hosannas to the Lord,  
 And sea fowl nestle in the sacred place  
 Where once the sacramental cup was poured,  
 Yet still upon your rugged beach there stands  
 A holy Temple undefiled, not made with hands ;

Nor fashioned by the builder's rule and square  
 Nor reared as earthly Fanes, with stone and lime,  
 But a fair frame, though mortal, that doth bear  
 Th' Almighty's impress on her brow sublime ;  
 For as the virgin Una undismayed  
 Met the grim lion in the lonely wood,  
 And brought the lordly savage to her aid,  
 Tamed by the dignity of maidenhood ;  
 Who sheathed his claws, and lulled his roarings wild  
 And crouching at her feet, lay quiet as a child ;

So did She moved by gentle Pity feel  
 A more than mortal courage man her breast,  
 Nor feared to navigate her fragile keel  
 Where eddying breakers reared their snowy crest,  
 And demons rode upon the midnight storm  
 Bursting in thunder on the fatal rock,  
 Where clung for refuge many a shrieking form  
 Their vessel shivered by the ghastly shock  
 Which plunged at once into eternal sleep  
 Their late companions whelmed beneath the surging deep,

In that dark hour of danger and despair  
When winds and waters strove with sea and sky,  
She only heard the drowning wretch's prayer  
She only saw their helpless agony—  
And guided by an Arm unseen, a Power  
That bids the storm be still and rules the wave,  
She succour brought to those who deemed the hour  
Of fate inevitable at hand, and gave  
New life, new hope, where Death triumphant stood,  
And clutched his trembling prey and drank his victim's blood.

Oh ! noble effort, deed of deathless Fame !  
From which the strength of man had shrunk appalled,  
But that in woman's heart there burnt a flame  
By Mercy fired, by Prudence un-enthralled,  
The flame of Charity, of Faith, and Love  
That lights to deeds illustrious the way,  
Sent by the Holy Spirit from above  
To sublimiate our grosser part of clay,  
And still in Godlike bosoms loves to dwell,  
Like ancient Vesta's fire, unquenched, unquenchable.

Honour to thee fair Maid ! for never more  
Shall Pilgrim view St. Cuthbert's island surge,  
And pause upon the melancholy shore,  
That rings its victim's everlasting dirge,  
But memory's power shall bring before his eyes  
The horrors of that agonizing night,  
And to creative Fancy shall arise  
That form heroic with her pinnace slight,  
Who dared amid a thousand perils save  
Her helpless fellow-men from an untimely grave.

Honour to thee, and happiness, fair Maid !

May each succeeding year from hence be fraught  
With blessings due to services unpaid

Save by the meed of conscience, and the thought  
That thou a chosen vessel of the Lord,

Redeemed and sanctified by Christ His Son  
May'st reap in other realms a rich reward,

Approved by Faith, in works already done,  
Receive this humble Tribute ! nor disdain

A harp that long hath slept, and ne'er may wake again.

*Oct., 1838.*





## ICE-BERGS AT SEA.

Dread monuments of ancient winter's reign !  
 Mysterious visions ! solemn, cold and vast,  
 Drifting before the Hyperborean blast  
 Upon the surface of the stormy main,  
 Whence are ye come, and whither are ye sent ?  
 What Power unseen impelled you forth  
 From the bleak icefields of the North,  
 And witnessed that stupendous launch  
 Amid the thunders of the avalanche  
 O'er mazy gulfs and frozen continent ?  
 Then stayed your course upon the restless waves  
 Which rage and echo round your crystal caves ?  
 Agents of th' Almighty's will  
 I follow you in fancy still  
 Floating calm, though tempests sweep  
 The bosom of the surging deep,  
 Wearing on your rugged brow  
 Winter's diadem of snow,  
 Breathing round your chill career  
 Your own unchanging atmosphere,  
 And shining when the solar beam  
 Quivers in the ocean stream,  
 As the Medusan Ægis shone  
 Freezing every heart to stone.  
 But when the murky midnight flings  
 Her mantle o'er the deep,  
 And to the wearied helmsman brings  
 A snatch of transient sleep ;  
 When the moon hides her waning light  
 And stars are lost in thickest night,  
 What hearts are wakened to despair !  
 What shrieks have rent the silent air !

When reeling from the fatal shock  
Some gallant vessel homewards bound  
Sailing along the blue profound,  
By fog and gloom enveloped round  
Hath plunged upon that icy rock !  
A thousand fathoms down she goes,  
The yawning whirlpools o'er her close—  
No vestige left—unless when tost  
On that inhospitable coast  
All bruised and blackened welters there  
The form of drowning mariner,  
While floating on the billow's crest  
The sea birds tear his swollen breast,  
Or hovering round with ceaseless clang  
Exult in his expiring pang.

What eye hath seen, what tongue can tell  
The wondrous forms that yet may dwell  
Within these rocks unchangeable ?  
For though in solemn state alone  
Death sits upon his icy throne,  
Yet his dread minister decay  
Here leaves untouched the tyrant's prey,  
Nor doth corruption dare to haunt  
These grotts of living Adamant—  
Witness those mighty reliëks strown  
On far Siberia's frozen zone  
Of Mammoth huge or Mastodon !  
Witness yon iec-bound rock, which rent  
To fragments in its sheer descent  
Disclosed a giant form within  
Clad in the self-same flesh and skin  
That once had braved these gales that blow  
From banks of everlasting snow,  
That once had roamed these regions wide,  
And bathed in ocean's azure tide,  
Ere man himself had sprung to birth  
Upon a monster-peopled earth.

Nor marvel that in wild amaze  
Groups of Tungusian hunters gaze  
On remnants of an ancient world  
Before them in confusion hurled—  
Awe-struck to see that carcase bare,  
Proboscis huge and matted hair,  
Colossal tusk and massive tooth  
Capacious paunch and ribs uncouth,  
Whose taint hath lured from distant rocks  
The grizzled wolf, and yelping fox,  
And carrion fowl that thirst for blood  
To feast on prediluvian food.

In ages past, ere yet this globe  
Combined of primal elements  
Lay teeming 'neath a verdant robe  
Distinct in seas and continents,  
Or ever the vivific sun  
With daily circuit had begun  
The firm concrete to fertilize,  
Or gentle dews, and showery skies  
Their sweet and changeful influence shed  
On the green earth's compacted bed,  
Huge ice-bergs might be seen to pass  
Erratic o'er the fluent mass,  
Or left by the subsiding flood  
Imbedded in chaotic mud.  
Nor deem that these are fancies vain  
Engendered in a poet's brain,  
Or such day dreams as might occur  
To planet-struck philosopher,  
For lo! upon the wide champaign  
Of Poland's and Silesia's plain,  
And in those wildernesses where  
Beneath another hemisphere,  
The desert Pampas stretch below  
Majestic Andes' wall of snow,

Plains where the lassoed Gauchos ride  
In freedom by La Plata's side,  
And condors in their airy course  
Attack and tear the wearied horse,  
Huge granite boulders sometime rent  
From Alpine ridge and battlement  
Lie scattered o'er the sandy waste  
Memorials of the wondrous past.  
And still from those crystalline spires  
That crown th' Antartic "Isle of Fires"  
Disrupted glaciers falling spread  
Confusion wide o'er ocean's bed  
All laden with the mountain spoil  
Of granite rock, and frozen soil,  
Before whose launch the refluent surges borne  
Roll back Magellan's wave, and lash the cliffs of Horn.

*Nov.*, 1849.



## THE MOORS.

The moors ! the moors ! the bonny brown moors !  
 Shining and fresh with April showers !

When the wild birds sing  
 The return of spring,  
 And the gorse and the broom  
 Shed the rich perfume  
 Of their golden bloom,

'Tis a joy to revisit the bonny brown moors.  
 Aloft in the air floats the white sea-mew,  
 And pipes his shrill whistle the gray curlew,  
 And the peewit gambols around her nest  
 And the heath-cock crows on the mountain crest,  
 And freely gushes the dark brown rill  
 In cadence sweet from the lonely hill,  
 Where mingling his song with the torrent's din  
 As it hubbles and foams in the rocky linn,  
 Twitters and plunges the water-crow  
 In the pool where the trout are springing below :  
 And the lambs in the sunshine leap and play  
 With their bleating dams on the grassy brae  
 With a withered thorn for their trysting place,  
 To mark the goal where their footprints trace  
 The narrow course of their sportive race ;  
 Oh ! know ye the region in spring more fair  
 Than the banks and the glens of the moorland bare !

The moors ! the moors ! the fragrant moors !  
 When the heather breaks forth into purple flowers !

When the blazing sun  
 Through the Crab hath run,  
 And the Lion's wrath  
 Inflames his path,

What garden can vie with the glowing moors.

The light clouds seem in mid-air to rest  
On the dappled mountain's misty breast,  
And living things bask in the noontide ray  
That lights up the summer's glorious day,  
Nor a sigh of wind, nor a sound is heard  
Save the faint shrill chirp of some lonely bird,  
Save the raven's croak or the buzzard's cry  
Or the wild bee's choral minstrelsy,  
Or the tinkling bell of the drowsy flock  
Where they lie in the shade of the caverned rock.  
But when the last hues of declining day  
Are melted and lost in the twilight grey,  
And the stars peep forth, and the full orb'd moon  
Serenely looks down from her highest noon,  
And the rippling water reflects her light,  
Where the birch and the pine tree deepen the night,  
Oh ! who but must own his proud spirit subdued  
By the calm of the desert solitude,  
So balmy, so silent, so solemnly fair  
As if God were riding the mountain air,  
And night commune with man on the moorland bare.

The moors ! the moors ! the joyous moors !  
When autumn displays his golden stores—  
    When the morning's breath  
    Blows across the heath  
    And the fern waves wide  
    On the mountain side,  
    'Tis gladness to ride  
At the peep of dawn o'er the dewy moors.  
For the sportsmen have mounted the topmost crags  
And the fleet dogs bound o'er the mossy hags,  
And the mist clears off as the lagging sun  
With his first ray gleams on the glancing gun,  
And the startled grouse and the black-cock spring  
At the well-known report upon whirring wing.

Or wander we north where the dun deer go  
Unrestrained o'er the summits of huge Ben-y-glo,  
And Glen Tilt and Glen Bruar re-echo the sound  
Of the hart held to bay by the deep-mouthed blood-hound.  
And the eagle stoops down from Shechallion to claim  
With the fox and the raven his share of the game.  
But a cloud hath o'er-shadowed the forest and waste  
And the Angel of Death on the whirlwind hath past,  
\*And the coronach rings on the mountains of Blair  
For the lord of the woods and the moorlands bare.

The moors ! the moors ! the desolate moors !  
When the mist thickens round and the tempest roars.  
    When the monarch of storm  
    Rears his giant form  
    On some rock-built throne  
    That he claims for his own,  
To survey the wild war on the desolate moors.  
For the winds are let loose, and the sound is gone forth  
To awaken the troops of the frozen North ;  
And the lightning and hailstone and hurricane fly  
At a wave of his arm through the dark rolling sky,  
And his footsteps are trampling the fog and the cloud  
That envelop the earth in a funeral shroud ;  
And the sheep and the shepherd lie buried below  
The wide spreading folds of his mantle of snow ;  
And the breath of his nostril encumbers the wood,  
And his fetters of crystal arrest the flood ;  
And he binds in its fall the cataract,  
And makes level the gulfs of the mountain tract,  
Till his work is complete, and a dread repose  
Broods over a boundless waste of snows,  
And the wild winds bewail in whispers drear  
The decay and the death of the by-gone year.

1833.

\*In allusion to the death of the Duke of Atholl.



## SONG OF THE DEER-STALKER.

IN ATHOLL.

Awake and be stirring, the daylight's appearing  
The wind's in the South, and the mountains are clearing,  
A thousand wild harts in the forest are feeding,  
Some few of those harts before night shall lie bleeding.

Make ready both rifles, the old and the new,  
And sharpen the edge of the rusted "Skene-dhu"  
Let your telescopes gleam in the rising sun,  
We'll have need of them ere the daylight be done.

George Murray was off before light to Glen Tilt,  
And Faskally's Laird has just tied on his kilt,  
And Peter and Charlie are waiting below  
The cloud-mantled summits of High Ben-y-Glo.

Now spur on your ponies, and haste to the slaughter  
Where the Tilt and the Tuarfe mix their eddying water  
The ravens have spied us, and croak as they wheel  
O'er the antlered heads of their destined meal.

Now brace up your sinews, give play to your lungs,  
Keep open your eyes, and keep silent your tongues,  
And follow with cautious, and stealthy tread  
The foresters' footsteps wherever they lead.



Here pause we a moment—while yonder slope  
He surveys with the balanced telescope—  
By heaven ! he sees them—just under the hill  
The pride of the forest lie browsing and still.

“ Yon moss must be past ere we gain our shot—  
’Tis full five hundred yards to the fatal spot”—  
So near has he reckoned that as we crawl by,  
Lo the points of their horns on the line of the sky.

We have traversed the flat, and we lurk behind  
A rock to recover our nerve and our wind,  
Hist ! the calves are belling, and snuffing the air  
Two jealous old hinds to the front repair.

But the herd are alarmed, and over the height  
The leading hinds have advanced into sight—  
“ Hold—hold your hand, till the antlers appear,  
For the heaviest harts are still in the rear.”

Crack, crack, go the rifles—for either shot  
A noble hart bleeding sinks on the spot—  
The third ball has missed, but the hindmost stag  
Was struck by the fourth, as he topt the crag.

Uncouple the lurchers—right onward they fly,  
With long out-stretching limb, and with fire-flashing eye  
On the track of his blood they are winging their way,  
Yon deer in one minute shall stand at bay.

Magnificent creature ! to reach thee I strain  
Through forest and glen, over mountain and plain,  
Yet now thou art fallen, thy fate I deplore  
And lament that the reign of thy greatness is o’er.

Where now is that courage, late bounding and high,  
That acuteness of scent, and that brilliance of eye,  
That fleetness of foot, which out-speeding the wind  
Had so often left death and destruction behind ?

Thine heart's blood is streaming, thy vigour gone by,  
Thy fleet foot is palsied, and glazed is thine eye !  
'The last hard convulsion of death has come o'er thee,  
Magnificent creature ! who would not deplore thee.

Coir-na-Minghie has rung to the rifle's first crack,  
And the heights of Ben-vedi shall echo it back—  
Glen-Croinie's wild caverns shall start at the cheer  
Of the blood-hound that traces the fugitive deer.

By the gods, 'tis a gallant beginning, hurra !  
Diana hath smiled on the hunters to-day !  
In the sports of the morning come, Goddess, and share,  
And Bacchus shall meet us returning to Blair.

1833.





### FAREWELL TO THE HIGHLANDS.

Farewell to the land where the blue misty mountains  
 Environ the prospect on every side,  
 Where each Corri pours forth its perennial fountains  
 To swell the broad river's precipitous tide.

Farewell to the roebuck and red-deer bounding  
 Along the brown heath like a meteor afar—  
 Farewell to the dark-kilted clansmen surrounding  
 The lords of the forest in Athol and Mar.

Farewell Invercauld! to thy proud cliffs inclosing  
 Sweet valleys that slumber in sunshine below—  
 Farewell to the lodge of the forest reposing  
 Beneath the broad shadows of high Ben-y-glo.

Farewell to the pine trees, where satiate with slaughter  
 The eagle stoops down from the gathering storm—  
 Such as fling their rude branches o'er Dee's foaming water  
 Or clothe the steep bases of snowy Cairngorm.

Farewell to the bright lakes of Katrine and Lomond  
 To the birches that shade each meandering burn,  
 Farewell to the tower where the Chieftain of Drummond  
 Surveys his domains over distant Strathearn.

Farewell to the \*palace, where rays of past glory  
Like autumnal reflections of sun-set still shine  
On those walls where the banquet, the song, and the story  
Recall to remembrance the days of "Lang Syne."

Farewell to the kind-hearted Lady of Freeland,  
To each friend of the dance, of the chase and the fell,  
The Hunter that wends his way home from the Hieland  
To each and to all of you breathes a farewell.

*Oct., 1836.*



\*Scone Palace.

## THE WATERSIDE.

To the waterside, to the waterside !  
 At the early dawn, or at eventide,  
 In the blaze of noon  
 Or beneath the moon  
 Still let us go by the waterside,  
 And there the passing hours beguile  
 With not unpleasing melancholy talk.  
 How, like the stream, our life the while  
 Flows gently down its channel as we walk,  
 And bears along its course the hopes and fears,  
 The pleasures and the pains of past and present years.  
 Or, seated on a rocky ledge,

We listen to the breeze's sigh,  
 That through the green and bending sedge  
 Doth make Æolian harmony ;  
 Or mark it chase the fleeting shadows  
 Whirled in simultaneous error  
 Of weeping trees and verdant meadows,  
 Procumbent o'er the watery mirror,  
 Which anon were clear and steady,  
 Save where the light phosphoric broke  
 In flashes from the casual eddy,  
 Curling round a sunken rock,  
 And think that thus the breath of age  
 Scatters th' enchanting dreams of youth,  
 Which seemed to spread as bright a page,  
 As fair an image of the truth.

Alas ! the sun that rose so fair  
 Hath hid in clouds his golden hair.  
 The midday storm hath swept around,  
 Friends have proved false, and fortune frowned ;  
 The dream is fled, the image gone,  
 And we are in the world alone.

Or let us banish thoughts of sorrow,  
Mirth shall welcome in the morrow.

Now soft vernal showers befriending

The fisher's gentle craft unlock

Adown the furrowed hills descending,

Rich pasture for the finny flock :

'Mid the torrent's fiercest spout

See the mighty salmon wallow :

See the variegated trout

Springing in the pebbly shallow,

Care and sorrow flee away !

Let politicians fret and wrangle !

From the morn's first ray to the close of day,

We will angle, we will angle !

Ye pale-eyed students ponder over

Tomes of philosophic lore,

Go, hang thyself, despairing lover !

Courtly minions cringe before

The magic rod by office borne,

Look here, at your own image look !

A bauble hangs you up to scorn,

Like fish upon a gilded hook :

Never struggle to be free,

A riband cramps your energy,

Purchased at too dear a cost,

Fidelity and honour lost.

Money-scraping citizens

Hived within your dingy dens,

Sum your debts, and count your gains,

Gold and silver bring their pains ;

But streams in vernal joyaunce flowing,

And breezes o'er the dim woods blowing,

And birds the early dawn saluting,

And fishes through the bright waves shooting,

Ephemeral insects upward streaming.

Gay flowers in dewy pastures gleaming,

And stately herds, whose lengthened shadows

Slant far athwart the sun-lit meadows ;

These, miser, these are Nature's treasures,  
With these are never-failing pleasures—  
Treasures that the poor inherit—  
Pleasures that exalt the spirit,  
And raise us from a world of sin and care  
To Him who dwells above and hears our humble prayer.  
May He protect our course, a Guardian kind  
Vouchsafing still the sunshine of the mind ;  
Smooth each obstruction that in early years  
Our progress ruffled down the vale of tears,  
And cheer our passage to that unknown sea  
That opens darkly on Eternity ;  
Then guide our Spirit to that blissful shore  
Where Sin and Death are not, and Time shall be no more.



## TO THE NORTH WIND.

Breeze austere ! that comest forth  
 From the chambers of the North,  
 Riding on the restless seas  
 That lash the storm-swept Orcades,  
 Clothing next in robe of white  
 Proud Crampian cliffs, and Pentland's height ?  
 Thence careering far and fast  
 Over Cheviot's snowy waste,  
 Sweeping oft in various current  
 Down each mountain, glen, and torrent ;  
 Driving next o'er Tynedale fells  
 Through wooded Yorkshire's leafy dells,  
 O'er Lincoln wold, and Cambridge down  
 Welcome to the crowded Town,  
 Though London's puny children fear  
 Thy frowning brow, and breath severe,  
 And shiver like the aspen pale  
 Bending in th' autumnal gale.

Viewless Spirit ! onwards driven  
 Welcome to a Southern heaven !  
 Did'st thou linger by the side  
 Of Aln, or Coquet's pebbly tide,  
 And take a momentary stand  
 In mountainous Northumberland ?  
 Who are they that wandering there  
 With sunburnt cheek and flowing hair,  
 Young barbarians of the moor  
 Greet thy visage stern and hoar  
 And chase thine echoes through the pines  
 That wave o'er Thrunton's craggy lines,  
 Nor dread thy salutation rude  
 On Rimside's heathery solitude.



Viewless Spirit ! turn again  
From the noisy haunts of men ?  
Nor forget in flying forth  
To tell these children of the North  
How their father prison-pent  
Pants for a purer element,  
As the fettered eagle sighs  
For desert cliffs and boundless skies.  
Tell them how he dreams of hills  
Forests lone and glittering rills  
And fairy forms, that round him glide  
Gathering flowerets by his side.  
And oh ! dread Spirit softly pour  
Thy blast across the shrouded moor  
That fences in the stream of Aln  
Down his tributary vale.  
Nor in gleams insidious drest  
Creep into the Virgin's breast  
Nor blight the budding rose that streaks  
With hues of health her glowing cheeks,  
Nor dim the lustre of the eye  
That sheds its grace on infancy.  
But spare the lamb that totters round  
Her mother on the frozen ground,  
Nor smite the nestling bird that springs  
To life beneath its parent wings,  
Nor nip the tender plants that rear  
Their buds to greet the early year.  
But give them all thine energy  
In health to live in age to die.

*May, 1838.*

## THE SNOW.

From realms of purest æther  
 November's scowling cloud  
 Hath borne me downwards hither,  
 The dead earth's form to shroud.

Careering o'er the Atlantic,  
 I mingle with the roar  
 Of breakers dashing frantic  
 On frozen Labrador.

And on the iceberg sailing,  
 I hear the drowning cry  
 Of shipwrecked crews bewailing  
 Their stranded argosy.

At Cotopaxi's portal,  
 On Chimborazo's dome,  
 I sit where step of mortal  
 Hath never dared to come :—

Where soars the mighty condor,  
 A speck in middle sky,  
 And men gaze up with wonder  
 That aught can live so high.

In lone Helvetian valley,  
 'Mid Alpine solitudes,  
 I clasp the goatherd's châlet,  
 I shake the groaning woods.

Beyond the Greenland mountains,  
Beyond the Polar waves,  
Where ocean's azure fountains  
Congeal in crystal caves ;

Beneath the moonlight sleeping  
I spread my curtain where  
Their carnival are keeping  
The walrus and the bear.

Where Life exists no longer,  
And silence holds her reign,  
And Want and Cold and Hunger  
For victims wait in vain :

In unapproached dominion  
Beyond them all, alone  
I fold my feathered pinion  
Around my Arctic throne.

Yet one soft warning spoken,  
One sunny glance may view  
My rod of empire broken,  
And melt me into dew.



## THE SCYTHIAN WINTER.

FROM VIRGIL, III. GEORGIC.

Not so where Scythian Tribes in deserts stray  
 And broad Mæotis' frozen pool survey,  
 Where Rhodope withdraws her mountain flank  
 From Ister's turbid stream and icy bank ;  
 There flocks and herds are folded, nor appear  
 Leaves on the trees nor grass for half the year,  
 But every land-mark, every path is lost,  
 In shapeless heaps of snow and blinding frost,  
 And clad in storms unbroken Winter reigns  
 Wide o'er the desert hills, and boundless plains.  
 Nor ever doth the sun dispel the gloom  
 When rising pallid from his Eastern room,  
 His tardy coursers climb the sky, nor when  
 He bathes his chariot in the Western main.  
 The icy crust congeals on running streams,  
 And o'er the surface roll the harnessed teams ;  
 And inland seas where navies lately rode,  
 Now seem t'invite the ponderous waggon's load.  
 And brazen vessels crack, and clothes for wear  
 Turn rigid in the keen and biting air ;  
 While in the cellars men before they dine  
 With hatchets cleave the blocks of humid wine  
 In solid ice are bound the liquid lakes,  
 And tangled beards are stiff with icy flakes.  
 Meanwhile down pours the snow—the woolly sheep  
 Perish by scores, and in the drifted heap  
 The mighty ox, o'ertaken by the storm,  
 Floundering in vain lays down his prostrate form ;  
 And herds of stags benumbed lie buried low,  
 Their pointed antlers bristling through the snow.

These not with eager hounds nor treacherous snare,  
Nor painted feathers dangling in the air,  
Do men pursue, but as they strive in vain  
With panting breast to burst that icy chain,  
The hunter at close quarters with his knife  
The groaning quarry stabs, and ends the strife.  
Thence to their caves deep dug beneath the soil,  
They drag with cheery shouts the bleeding spoil ;  
And sheltered from the blast spend night and day  
In mirth and jollity, and tipsy play,  
Huge logs of oak and elm still piling higher,  
To feed the fuel of their smouldering fire ;  
And imitate the fruit of Southern vines,  
With sour fermented drinks and home-brewed wines.  
Such barbarous tribes beneath the Polar star,  
In Arctic deserts wage continued war  
With adverse element and angry sky,  
'And clad in skins the Winter's wrath defy.

*January 4th, 1875.*



## STANZAS

IN MATREM CARISSIMAM.

Sages have said that nought on earth  
 Is fixed, or permanent, or true,—  
 That all is change to death from birth,  
 A shadowy dream, a fleeting view.

And poets sing of fading flowers,  
 Of chequer'd skies, and restless seas ;  
 Of pleasures transient as the hours  
 That glide along the passing breeze ;

While man himself keeps silent pace  
 With Nature's ever-varying doom,  
 And runs the universal race  
 Between the cradle and the tomb.

That race he runs with toil and care,  
 With throbbing heart and lab'ring breath ;  
 Whose road is sin, whose hopes are air,  
 Whose joys are pains, whose goal is death :

Sees as he runs, each changing moon  
 Her destined change of seasons bring ;  
 Each night's repose succeed to noon,  
 Each winter lead the year to spring :

And should he turn aside to cherish  
Some fairer flower that decks the way,  
A moment sees its beauty perish,  
Or taints its fragrance with decay.

A few short hours remain to drink  
Life's troubled dregs, of bitter taste ;  
A pause upon the churchyard's brink,  
A throb—a pang, and all is past.

Is there then nought secure or fixed ;  
No resting place this side the grave ?  
No shelt'ring olive bough betwixt  
The shifting sand and whelming wave ?—

No bright Oasis of the waste,  
Where weary travellers awhile  
Reposing from their breathless haste,  
May greet a sympathizing smile ?

Yes—if from birth the will of Heaven  
Decree to man a life of care ;—  
From the same instant God hath given  
A mother's heart our pain to share ;

A mother's hand to guide our steps,  
A mother's eye to watch our ways ;  
A mother's voice to teach our lips  
The suppliant's prayer, the hymn of praise.

And from the hour when first her breast  
Pillow'd in warmth our infant head,  
To that when everlasting rest  
Shall shroud her in its narrow bed :

In every change of tide or time,  
In summer's heat, in winter's snow,  
In every age, in every clime,  
In guilt, in danger, or in woe :

Though foes may hate, and friends may leave us,  
Though all our hopes delusive prove ;  
Though women smile as they deceive us,  
And rend the heart they swore to love.

Whether in pleasure's lap of down,  
We idly waste the precious day ;  
Or, chill'd by dark misfortune's frown,  
Lament those hours we've cast away ;

Whether our young ambition soar  
To worship glory's rising star,  
Nor dreams the idol we adore  
May crush us 'neath her iron car ;

In sickness, solitude, or shame,  
Whate'er betide this mortal state,  
A mother's heart is still the same  
In each vicissitude of fate.

There is the bough whereon is placed  
Brief refuge from a stormy life ;  
There the Oasis of the waste,  
A sunny spot, secure from strife.

And when inexorable Death  
Shall mix her ashes with the sod,  
Her soul shall plead for those beneath,  
Before the judgment throne of God.



## A VOICE FROM POLAND.

## OSTROLENKA.

Dark shadows as of coming rain  
 Obscured the close of day,  
 When stretched before my view the plain  
 Of Ostrolenka lay.

Seemed that the light of Poland's star,  
 Her day of hopes and fears,  
 That once had flung its radiance far,  
 Was setting now in tears.

But clear and calm the stream pursued  
 His course towards the sea,  
 Late with the noblest blood imbued  
 Of Poland's chivalry.

So Time rolls onward still, and bears  
 Along His ceaseless flow  
 The annals of revolving years,  
 Their deeds of crime and woe.

As on I went, a fabric proud,  
 A pyramid of stone,  
 Marked where the Scythian's armed crowd  
 Stood when the strife was done.

Marked where the soldier with his horse  
 Slept in a trophied grave,  
 Fought his last fight, and ran the course  
 Of each imperial slave.

And thus, I thought, on Shinar's plain  
The tower presumptuous rose,  
When God dispersed its builders vain,  
Denouncing them His foes.

Scattered about o'er mound and fosse,  
In perishable wood,  
Emblem of faith, the lowly cross,  
A frail memorial stood.

As if the Czar's colossal power,  
Had set his token *here*,  
And Poland in her dying hour  
Had fled for refuge *there*.

For there, they said, the martyred Pole  
Fell on his native sod,  
And gave for Freedom's sake his soul  
A sacrifice to God :

Thought, as his life-blood trickled forth,  
Of Sobieski's fame,  
When champions of the hardy north  
Saved Christendom from shame :

Thought of his own despairing land  
When Kosciusko fell,  
What time the fierce barbarian's band  
Stormed Praga's citadel :

And breathed a thankful prayer that he  
Had burst a tyrant's chain,  
And fought and died a patriot free  
On Ostrolenka's plain.

## ALCINA'S GARDEN.

(FROM ARIOSTO.)

The place where lighted down Ruggiero's steed  
 Folding his feathered pinions, was a plot  
 Of such surpassing beauty, that indeed  
 Upon the Earth's wide surface, you may not  
 (Whitherso'er your wandering footsteps lead)  
 Behold a more enchanting lovely spot,  
 Fair cultured plains, soft undulating hills,  
 Green meadows, shady glens, and crystal rills.

Sweet groves were there of laurel, and of palm,  
 The scented myrtle, and the cedar tall,  
 And fruits, and flowers of orange and of balm  
 Enwreathed in various forms and beauteous all,  
 Which in the summer noon a grateful calm  
 Breathed all around beneath that leafy pall,  
 Among whose boughs secure the Nightingale  
 Poured forth by day and night her fitful wail.

Among the roses red and lilies white  
 Which freshly bloom on that enamelled mead,  
 Rove hares and coneys undisturbed with fright,  
 And lordly stags lift high their antlered head,  
 Nor fear the treacherous toils, nor arrow's flight  
 But unsuspecting ruminant when fed,  
 And nimble Roe, and Kids skip all around,  
 Which ever in such Alpine solitudes abound.

# THE BELLS OF BOTTREUX :

## A CORNISH LEGEND.

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### INTRODUCTION :

#### ADDRESS TO A WILD WOOD DOVE.

Lend me thy wings, sweet dove !  
 That through the liquid air  
 And labyrinthine grove  
 Dost spread thy pinions, where  
 A tender loving mate  
 Thine advent doth await,  
 And fills with wailing notes the forest round.  
 Where plaintive Echo sits, and mocks that plaintive sound.

So on the rolling deep,  
 The home-bound mariner  
 By wave-worn Calpe's steep  
 Or stormy Finisterre,  
 Unfurls his canvas wide,  
 And fearless skims the foam,  
 Through shoals on either side  
 Where buoys and beacons guide  
 The venturous seaman home :  
 Whom loving wife and tender children strain  
 Close to their very hearts, with " Welcome home " again.

Not always doth the bark  
 Her destined harbour reach,  
 Nor cleave the waters dark  
 In safety to the beach ;  
 The sentence stern and sad  
 That oft o'ertakes the bad,  
 Learn ye ! who listen to the lay  
 That tells the lapless fate  
 Of that ill-omened freight,  
 Beneath the billows whelmed in Cornish Bottreux' Bay.

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Fair was the breeze and calm the sea  
 That sped the gallant bark,  
 To her destined haven in Bottreux Bay  
 Between noontide and dark.

Charged was that bark with a holy freight  
Of newly-cast church bells,  
For the tower that looks down from Bottreux' height  
On the tide as it falls and swells.

And now at full sail the vessel wore,  
With the harbour right in view,  
Round the beetling cape of that rocky shore  
Which encloses the bay of Bottreux.

"Thank God for His mercies !" the Pilot cried,  
Our cargo's safe I ween ;  
"We've weathered the dangers of wind and tide,  
And are welcomed home again.

"No more Tintagel's tower shall boast  
That her's is the only chime,  
"To rouse the echoes of this rude coast  
At sunset or matin prime.

"Though in days of old from Pendragon's hold,  
From Tintagel's palace hall,  
"They tolled the dirge o'er the sullen surge  
For King Arthur's funeral.

"See where our townsmen throng the shore,  
To join with us in praise  
"And thanks to that Almighty Power,  
Who watches all our ways."

"Nay, rather give thanks to the good sound planks,"  
The boisterous Captain spoke ;  
"To the planks we tread, and the sails overhead,  
And our Cornish hearts of oak.

" These are the only gods we care  
To thank for a lucky trip,  
" Then keep for the land your canting and prayer,  
Keep silence on board my ship."

" Nay sir," said the Pilot, "'tis surely well  
To think on the Lord at sea,  
" When the winds and waters rage and swell,  
With breakers on the lee ;

" When the moon hides her waning light  
And stars are lost to view,  
" And gathering rain-clouds veil the night,  
In robes of blackest hue :

" Shall we not breathe a fervent prayer,  
That His Almighty Power  
" May guard the ship with constant care,  
And shield us in such hour ?"

But still with curses fierce and loud,  
That godless man replies,  
And with brutal oaths, and vauntings proud,  
And scornful blasphemies.

Then from the black abyss\* below  
Uprose a phantom form,  
And waved to the curl-cloud gathering slow,  
And summoned the rising storm.

Right overhead the waterspout  
Burst full on that fated boat,  
With a cyclone blast, that whirled her about  
Like a leaf on the waters afloat ;

\*Known as the Black Pit.

And a peal from heaven's own arsenal  
Was heard as the bark went down,  
Like the warning angel's trumpet call  
To haughty Babylon.

Down went that bark with her hapless crew,  
And her freight of silver bells,  
Which ne'er shall be rung from the heights of Bottreux,  
On the tide as it falls and swells.

But a broken spar to the Pilot's aid  
Was sent by some friendly hand,  
Or that God to whom he trusted and prayed,  
And he drifted safe to land.

And still when the storm rages high overhead,  
Those bells with measured toll,  
Send a warning voice from their ocean bed,  
Far away on the billows roll.

And the helmsman who hears those solemn tolls,  
Will put his helm a-lee,  
And breathe a prayer for the guilty souls  
That are sunk in the deep, deep sea.



## THE ROSES OF TOWTON MOOR:

## A BALLAD.

*"Αἷμα ρόδων τικτεῖ νιφάδες δὲ τὰδ' ἄνθος-μα λευκά.*

The battle of Towton Moor between the Parties of York and Lancaster, the former headed by King Edward IV., the latter by King Henry VI., was fought on Palm Sunday, A.D. 1461, and ended with the utter defeat of the Lancastrians. While these were advancing to the charge at the onset, a violent snow-storm, driving full in their faces, blinded the Archers, and rendered useless their discharge of arrows against their opponents. These, following up their first advantage, drove the Lancastrian army before them after an obstinate contest of nine hours' duration. The victorious Yorkists gave no quarter during the disastrous retreat, and it is said that 36,000 souls perished on this bloody field. The plain of Towton Moor to this day is covered with wild roses, red and white, which spring up every season, and are said to be ineradicable from the soil, but refuse to take root elsewhere.

Oh the red, and the white Rose, as all the kingdom knows  
Were emblems of the foes in a sad and cruel work—  
When old England's noblest blood was poured out in a flood  
To quench the burning feud of Lancaster and York.

For then the rival Roses worn by the rival Houses  
This poor distracted nation into rage and frenzy drove,  
Tore the children from the mother, tore the sister from the  
brother,  
And the broken hearted lover from the lady of his love.

When the Percys, Veres, and Nevilles, left their castle halls  
and revels  
To rush like raging devils, into the deadly fight  
And loyalty and reason were confounded by the treason  
That cast into a prison the King of yester night.



Oh the red and the white Rose upon Towton Moor it grows,  
And red and white it blows upon that swarth for ever-more ;  
In memorial of the slaughter when the red blood ran like  
water,  
And the victors gave no quarter in the flight from Towton  
Moor.

When the banners gay were beaming and the steel cuirasses  
gleaming,  
And the martial music streaming o'er that wide and lonely  
heath,  
And many a heart was beating that dreamed not of retreating  
Which ere the sun was setting, lay still and cold in death.

When the snow that fell at morning lay as a type and warn-  
ing  
All stained and streaked with crimson like the roses white  
and red,  
And filled each thirsty furrow with its token of the sorrow  
That wailed for many a morrow in the mansions of the dead.

Now for twice two hundred years when the month of March  
appears  
All unchecked by plough or shears spring the roses red and  
white,  
Nor can the hand of mortal close the subterranean portal  
That gives to life immortal these emblems of the fight.

And as if they were enchanted not a flower may be trans-  
planted  
From those fatal precincts haunted by the spirits of the slain,  
For howe'er the root you cherish it shall fade away and perish  
When removed beyond the marish of Towton's gory plain.

But old Britannia now wears a rose upon her brow  
That blushing still doth glow like the Queen of all her race,  
The Rose that blooms Victorious and ever bright and glorious  
Shall continue to reign o'er us in her mercy, love, and grace.

## FIAT LUX.

ADDRESSED TO MY DEAR FRIEND LORD WILLOUGHBY  
DE ERESBY AFTER THE OPERATION OF COUCHING  
FOR CATARACT.

“ Let there be light” the Eternal Word  
At earth’s creation spoke,  
Primæval night submissive heard,  
And light through Chaos broke.

And all the Heavenly Host on high  
God’s angel ministers,  
Loud anthems sang in harmony  
With musick of the spheres.

And from the watery waste below  
The mist of darkness cleared,  
Before that Word retiring slow  
As the young earth appeared.

Pleased at the new and glorious sight  
The great Creator stood,  
Divided darkness from the light  
And saw that it was good.

And still we see each changing moon  
Her change of seasons bring,  
Each night’s repose succeed to noon,  
Each winter lead to spring ;

And still we bless the glorious light  
    Offspring of Heaven first-born,  
And hail with joy the promise bright  
    Of each returning morn.

Then oh ! how sad the lot of him  
    Blind wanderer on his way,  
Whose visual orb suffused and dim  
    Denies its wonted ray,

To whom each day as night is dark,  
    And each fair prospect hid,  
And at one entrance every spark  
    Of knowledge quite forbid.

Yet men have lived of ancient date,  
    To whom the Muse hath given  
Such visions in their eyeless state  
    As seem sent down from Heaven.

Thus Homer sang of gods and men,  
    And Milton spirit-fired  
Soared into heights beyond the ken  
    Of mortal uninspired.

And Willoughby perchance to thee  
    Some inward radiance shone  
Of power to chase the world's ennui,  
    And check the rising groan ;

Such consolation sure was thine  
    In those long hours of night,  
Which Hope and Patience—maids divine  
    Cheered in their tardy flight.

Thine were the steady heart and eye  
The scutcheon without stain,  
Borne by the brave Lord Willoughby  
In wars of swarthy Spain.

And sure they stood thee in good stead  
Of youth's forgotten glow,  
When fourscore years their snows had shed  
Upon thy silvered brow :

For when the hour of trial came,  
That steady heart and eye  
Unflinching still remained the same  
While friends stood trembling by.

"Let there be light" the artist spoke  
And at his magic word  
The light once more through shadows broke  
On Eresby's patient Lord.

*January, 1865.*



## LE DIMANCHE À PARIS.

(DIALOGUE.)

Demain c'est le Dimanche ! oh what a day of fun !  
 Of all de days in all de week, dis beat dem every one :  
 Il y aura cent et mille choses, for us to go and see,  
 You and our cousin Hippolyte, et la chere Amelie.

Dese stupides Anglais go to Church, but we'll to our Café,  
 And smoke cigars till twelve o'clock and eat our déjeuner,  
 Den jump into an omnibus, for at Versailles you know  
 Dey run de race of Derby, and dey make le jeu des eaux.

And den by de chemin de fer which drop us at St. Cloud,  
 We take our petite promenade by couples, two and two,  
 And at la Folie d' Asnieres we finish de soirée,  
 And dance and sing and drink and flirt until de break of day."

" Ah mon Ami, dis cannot be—have you not heard de news,  
 How two balloons are going up pour monter aux cieux,  
 De one is from de Champ de Mars vid honnête Mr. Green,  
 De oder from de Hippodrome vid Madame Celestine."

" Bah les ballons ! toujours de même, déjà c'en est assez—  
 I wish Sir Green shall break his neck—le vil perfide Anglais—  
 Viens je te prie mon cher Ami, pour voir jaillir les eaux,  
 Et sur la plaine de Satory, la course des chevaux."

" Ah quelle opiniatreté ! sachez que le ballon  
 Qui va partir du Champ de Mars, vill not go up alone—  
 But brave Sir Green de sa machine suspendu dans les airs,  
 Will dere be seen with Madame Green, all in a coach and pair.

And on de dickey dere will be a flunkey and a maid,  
 And a postboy on de horses' back in jockey boots arrayed,  
 And dus de equipage will fly to Meudon or Marly,  
 And den drive back along de road pour souper à Paris.

But if too great shall be de weight of flunkey and of maid,  
 Or if by jockey and his horse de voyage be delayed,  
 Sir Green is so determinéd de ne manquer à son but  
 Dat he shall let dem one by one tomber en parachute."

" Ah mon Ami ! que dis tu là ? oh sacrebleu, diable !  
 Ah qu'il est drôle ce joli Green, mais c'est inconcevable !  
 Tiens ça ! mon cher, demain we go unto de Champ de Mars,  
 Pour voir la famille Green monter en voyage to de stars."

The Sabbath morn arrives at last and bright the sun looks  
 down  
 Thro' an atmosphere serene and clear upon the sparkling town  
 But few he sees on bended knees a Christian's faith declare,  
 And few that seek the house of God in penitence and prayer.

For crowding down each avenue and promenade, and street,  
 There moves along a countless throng to see this wondrous  
 feat,  
 And there among the first arrived upon the dusty quay  
 Were Jean Bourgeois and Hippolyte et la chere Amelie.

And there they stand with visage tanned and bearded to  
 the eyes  
 On tiptoe raised around to gaze on water, earth, and skies,  
 When a voice was heard "Que cherche t'on—le ballon est  
 crévé"—  
 Parti dans cinq ou six pieces—enfin—all blown away."

" Ah ! maudite soit la poussiere, et maudit Mister Green,  
 Soient maudits tous les vils Anglais, et Madame Celestine !  
 Oh ! dam, nous avons perdu toute cette belle journée,  
 Pour voir one horse and carriage, et la machine ruinée.

*June 18th.*

## STANZAS.

Sometimes in summer hours are seen  
 Light clouds by viewless currents driven  
 To glance athwart the blue serene,  
 And vanish in the sun-lit heaven ;  
 Or at the tranquil close of day  
 In starry twilight meteors play  
 Sure heralds of the coming storm,  
 Whose wakened wrath and wild career  
 Smite nations with unwonted fear,  
 And ravage Nature's form.

From Carmel thus a darkening hand  
 Elijah saw above the main,  
 Which o'er Samaria's thirsting land  
 Wide-spreading poured a mighty rain,  
 Ere her polluted king his door  
 Regained in Jezreel, when before  
 His fervid wheels the Prophet trod,  
 And conscious Israel's streaming eyes  
 Bewailing past idolatries  
 Repentant turned to God.

Thus too in gayest hours will pass  
 A sad and strange presentiment,  
 And shadowed on the mental glass  
 In turbid visions will be blent  
 Imaginings of woe unknown  
 With dreamy indistinctness shewn ;  
 Which yet with bitterness alloy  
 The wine cup mantling on the lips,  
 And cast a damp and drear eclipse  
 On scenes of light and joy.

Call it not vain—in you fair form  
What treachery lurks, what falsehood speaks,  
The lightnings of a distant storm  
Flash in those eyes, and tinge those cheeks !  
Around, what dire diseases wait  
The secret ministers of fate,  
While Death triumphant over all  
In gloomy solitude enthroned  
Spreads o'er the dim horizon round  
His universal pall.

Be hushed rash moralist ! forbear  
Thyself to sharpen passion's sting,  
Nor blast with wintry presage drear  
The raptures of the blooming spring !  
Enough for thee unstained to go  
Through realms of pleasure, pain, or woe,  
Enough to fix thy wavering faith,  
Resigning thee to Him on high  
Who robbed the grave of victory  
And took the sting from Death.

1830.





## THE MORN OF PARTING.

SHEERNESS.

My sailor boy ? lie still and sleep  
 Nor thus uneasy start,  
 Enough for me to wake and weep  
 The hour that bids us part.

The morning gun its heavy knell  
 Hath rolled across the bay,  
 Sad to these ears the neighbouring bell  
 Proclaims the dawning day ;

Lie still and sleep, my sailor boy ?  
 The time approaches nigh,  
 When thou no longer shalt enjoy  
 A bed's calm luxury.

The wave shall rock thy slumber soon,  
 The cot thy cradle be,  
 And shrilly piping winds attune  
 The requiem of the sea.

Strange forms shall cross thy nightly rest,  
 Strange sounds assail thine ear,  
 And scare thee from thy pendent nest  
 Albeit unused to fear.

And many a moon shall wax and wane,  
 And many a tempest roar,  
 Ere thou and I may meet again,  
 On this thy native shore.

If God indeed permit that day  
Of meeting to arrive,  
And guide thee home a stripling gay  
To find thy sire alive.

Ah ! who can tell what chance and change  
Three long long years may bring,  
Or who may dare thus far to range  
On Hope's Icarian wing ?

The wasting pangs of fierce disease  
The battle or the storm  
May quench the mightiest energies  
May blight the fairest form.

Full oft when wintry tempests drive  
The scud athwart the sky,  
And heaving ocean seems to strive  
In restless agony.

When the moon hides her waning light,  
And stars are lost to view,  
And gathering rain-clouds veil the night  
In robes of blackest hue ;

The hearts of oak that plough the sea  
Shall then my thoughts employ,  
And then I'll breathe a prayer for thee  
My gallant sailor boy.

*July, 1839.*

## WOMAN'S LOVE.

I mark the shadow's dense of even  
 Obscure the sinking sun,  
 While slowly o'er the western heaven  
 Night spreads her mantle dun.

Yet one unlooked for sunbeam darts  
 Its light athwart the gloom,  
 Like the last grace that death imparts  
 To Beauty's faded bloom.

So Woman's smile the close can cheer  
 Of Sorrow's darkened day  
 So gild the clouds of doubt and fear  
 With Hope's inspiring ray.

I climbed the mountain's top-most crag  
 I trode the wasted heath,  
 And felt my weary foot-steps flag  
 The fiery sun beneath ;

One spot there was of liveliest green  
 To glad the wanderer's heart,  
 Where purest rills of diamond sheen  
 From caverned sources start.

'Tis Life—that scathed and blighted ground  
 Where man is doomed to rove,  
 The Fount that scatters freshness round  
 That Fount is Woman's love.

## PARODY FROM WITCHES' MASQUE.

BY BEN JOHNSON.

## MASQUE OF SPECIAL CONSTABLES.

*April 10th, 1848.*

## 1ST SPECIAL.

I have been all day looking a'ter  
 A ruffian bawling for the Charter  
 And soon as he stopped to quench his drowth  
 I snatched the porter pot out of his mouth.

## 2ND SPECIAL.

And I have witnessed Fergus' fears,  
 Macdowell's froth, and Jones's tears,  
 The damning of Lord John Russell's eyes  
 And all since the Chartists swore they'd rise.

## 3RD SPECIAL.

I last night lay all alone  
 I'the streets to hear the tradesmen groan ;  
 I plucked them up though their hearts were low  
 And told them the meeting would be no go.

## 4TH SPECIAL.

I have been shivering cold and dull  
 In a damp churchyard of Specials full  
 With peers of the realm and doughty cits.  
 Who bothered the sexton out of his wits.

## 5TH SPECIAL.

Under an entry I did creep  
 And found a Policeman fast asleep—  
 For a week he never had changed his clothes  
 And he'd got a black eye and a bloody nose.

WITCHES' MASQUE.

---

## 1ST WITCH.

I have been all day looking after  
A raven feeding on a quarter—  
And soon as she turned her beak to the south  
I snatched this morsel out of her mouth.

## 2ND WITCH.

I have been gathering wolves' hairs,  
The mad dog's foam, and the adder's ears,  
The spurning of a dead man's eyes  
And all since the midnight star did rise.

## 3RD WITCH.

I last night lay all alone  
On the ground to hear the mandrake groan—  
I plucked him up though he lay full low  
And as I had done the cock did crow.

## 4TH WITCH.

I ha' been choosing out this scull  
From charnel houses that were full,  
From private grots and publick pits,  
And frightened a sexton out of his wits.

## 5TH WITCH.

Under a cradle I did creep  
By day, and when the child was asleep  
By night I sucked its breath, and rose  
And plucked the nodding nurse by th' nose.

## 6TH SPECIAL.

I had a truncheon, what did I with that ?  
Hit an itinerant over the hat—  
Our squad was jolly with pipes, and ale,  
And we voted that physical force must fail.

## 7TH SPECIAL.

A customer threatened to knock out my brains  
So I gave him a tap with my staff for his pains—  
His chin and his cheeks were covered with hair  
And he looked like a French Revolutionnaire.

## 8TH SPECIAL.

A cold in my head, and a crick in my neck,  
A cough in the chest, and a pain in the back  
I have been getting when wet to the skin  
For it rained cats and dogs, and I mightn't stay in.

## 9TH SPECIAL.

I have been down upon Kennington Green,  
And, though they were there, not a souldier was seen,  
But I saw a dead cat, and some cabbages thrown,  
And twice I was like to be struck with a stone.

## 10TH (AN M.P.)

I from the jawing of Cobden and Hume  
Did snatch these bones to the coffee room,  
And never went near "the House" again  
But paraded up and down in the rain.

## 6TH WITCH.

I had a dagger, what did I with that ?  
Killed an infant to have its fat ;  
A piper it got at a church ale,  
I bade him again blow wind i' the tail.

## 7TH WITCH.

A murderer yonder hung in chains  
The sun and the wind had shrunk his veins  
I bit off a sinew, I clipped his hair,  
I brought off these rags that danced in the air.

## 8TH WITCH.

The scrich owl's eggs, and feathers black,  
The blood of the frog, and the bone in his back  
I have been getting and made of his skin  
A purset to keep Sir Cranion in.

## 9TH WITCH.

And I ha' been plucking plants among  
Hemlock, henbane, adder's tongue,  
Night shade, moon-wort, libbard's bane  
And twice by the dogs was like to be ta'en.

## 10TH WITCH.

I from the jaws of a gardener's bitch  
Did snatch these bones, and then leaped the ditch—  
Yet went I back to the house again  
Killed the black cat, and here is the brain.

## 11TH SPECIAL.

I went to be sworn in at Westminster Hall  
With three of my sons, my nephews, and all.  
We patrolled through the streets till a quarter-past four  
In squads of a dozen, what would you have more.

## ENTER SIR GEORGE GREY.

Yes; I have brought to aid your force  
Battalions of infantry, troops of horse,  
The Life-Guards are ready at bugle's call  
And the Blues have their carabines loaded with ball.  
A forest of bayonets bristles nigh  
With a squadron of light artillery,  
So Her Majesty thanks you for service done,  
And bids you rely upon me, and Lord John.

*They dance and sing "God save the Queen"*  
*Beating time with their staves.*





## 11TH WITCH,

I went to the toad breeds under the wall  
I charmed him out, and he came at my call,  
I scratched out the eyes of the owl before,  
I tore the bat's wing—what would you have more.

## ENTER HECATE.

Yes! I have brought to aid your vows  
Horned poppy, Cypress boughs,  
The fig tree wild that grows on tombs,  
And juice that from the larch tree comes,  
The basilisk's blood and the viper's skin,  
And now our orgies let's begin.



## THE RETURN.

The word has gone forth that he comes at last,  
 The soldier from duty free,  
 And many a wistful glance is cast  
 Eastward o'er hill and lea,  
 For seven long weary years are past  
 Since he sailed o'er the wide lone sea.

And flags are unfurled on the mountain wind,  
 And voices upraised in joy,  
 And some eyes with thankful drops are blind,  
 But the tears are without alloy,  
 From those who remember the greetings kind  
 They received from the fair-haired boy.

That fair-haired boy is all changed, I trow,  
 And inured to the woes of war,  
 And daring is stamped on his manly brow,  
 And his shoulders are deep and square,  
 And the smooth downy cheek is bearded now,  
 And sunburnt the flaxen hair.

For he has sailed o'er the ocean wide  
 And toiled with the toiling crew,  
 Trød Africk's desert with fearless stride,  
 And sped o'er the parched Karroo,  
 And breasted the swollen Keiskamma's tide  
 To the camps of the swart Zooloo.

Where the Bushman's sly malignant art  
Blows venom with his breath,  
And the naked Kaffir hurls his dart  
Unseen in the mountain heath,  
And the forest's caverned echos start  
At the savage shout of death.

Where the lion crouches in his wrath  
Dread monarch of the waste,  
And the ostrich wheels o'er the sandy strath  
With the gems-bok bounding past,  
And pitfalls lurk in the treacherous path  
Where each step may prove the last.

Here may the fell hyæna lurk  
With eyes of phosphor glare,  
And serpents hang from the knotted fork  
Of branches all scathed and bare,  
Or the vulture stoop to his carrion work  
Through the death-tainted air.

And here he built him a hut of clay,  
And called it by the name  
Of the distant towers where his kinsfolk lay  
Looking far over Tyne and Team,  
For thither the exile's thoughts would stray  
When in dreams their memories came.

And onward again o'er the trackless wave  
Hath he sailed to the torrid shore  
Where the rebel Sepoys yell and rave  
And the murderous cannon roar,  
And many a grave of our soldiers brave  
Tells its tale of sufferings o'er.

These stormed the breach—these brought relief  
To Delhi or Lucknow,  
Captain and sergeant—clansman and chief  
Distinctions forgotten now—  
Their hour of triumph was bright and brief  
As the death-shot that laid them low.

With them hath he fought, and pursued the foe  
In his flight through the jungle dire,  
When the noontide sun from his dazzling bow  
Shot downward his shafts of fire,  
And cholera poisoned the air below,  
And lurked in the rice-field's mire.

All these hath he 'scaped, and returning from  
The perils of Eastern fight,  
He re-visits the hills which he loved to roam  
In the days of his boyhood light,  
And the cheerful hearths of his early home  
With its fountains of water bright.

And he blesses the cool translucent stream,  
And the sprightly mountain air,  
And the northern sun's attempered beam  
Instead of that Indian glare  
Which but for the shield of a Power supreme  
Had stricken its victim there.

Oh ! Father of Mercies ! e'en although  
Temptations may be rife,  
And he transgress—forgive him Thou !  
And in the battle strife  
Avert the foeman's deadly blow  
And guard his precious life.

*Nov., 1859.*

## THE POLISH EXILE.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

To-day I wander forth alone,  
 The brave the virtuous mourn for me—  
 A traveller in lands unknown,  
 Far from those friends no more my own,  
 My Fatherland I think of thee.

On Wisła's banks of frozen sand  
 Mantling falls the winter snow,  
 But thus to leave thy much-loved strand  
 And bid adieu to Fatherland,  
 Fills this bursting heart with woe.

Fast and thick the bullets fly  
 Over this devoted head ;  
 Where I fall there must I lie,  
 Without a tear or elegy,  
 Without a friend to mourn the dead.

Thou alone wilt o'er me weep,  
 Thou perceive the fatal wound,  
 O Fatherland, and where I sleep  
 Thy tears for evermore shall steep  
 The plot of consecrated ground.

Son ! that hear'st my parting word,  
Prove worthy of thy father's vow !  
Hear his prayer for thee outpoured,  
Take his blessing, take his sword,  
Be the world thy father now.

Though in vain her champions stood,  
Poland's honour ne'er shall fall,  
All the noble, all the good,  
Will shed for her their willing blood,  
Fired at sacred duty's call.

Still a more auspicious fate  
Shall cheer Sarmatia's desert plains,  
And brighter days her sons await,  
In freedom's cause regenerate,  
Spite of tyrants, spite of chains.

1839.



## THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

The battle is over on Palestine's plain,  
 Why comes not my own gallant warrior again ?  
 For each maiden hath welcomed her lover's return,  
 I only in solitude tremble and mourn.

Hath his heart proved inconstant to love and to me,  
 Hath his tongue broke his vows, hath his glance wantoned  
 • free ?  
 Have the fire-flashing eyes of the maids of Cashmere  
 Like a basilisk smitten my young Cavalier ?

Ah ! would it were thus, for reflection at last  
 To the conscience will whisper when passion is past,  
 And he'd turn from a stranger's embrace to the worth  
 That he prized in his true-hearted Maid of the North.

Ah ! would it were thus, for the wandering dove  
 Will return on fleet wing to the nest of his love,  
 But woe ! if the falcon hath borne him a prey  
 All bleeding and torn to her cyrie away.

For I dreamed of my knight, where he lay in his gore  
 Cold, naked and lifeless on Galilee's shore,  
 And his last prayer was breathed, and his last thought was  
 given  
 To his love upon earth, to his Saviour in heaven.

And the vulture wheeled round on the death-tainted air,  
And the wolf and hyæna came down from their lair,  
And a wan ghastly light in the vision was shed,  
By the moon rising pale o'er a field of the dead.

And cold was that heart which so often had beat  
Responsive to mine when in rapture we met,  
And dim were those eyes that once shone like a star,  
And now melted in love, and now kindled in war.

Then hush thee ! my baby, for never again  
Shall thy father arise from the bed of the slain :  
Lie still my poor heart ! lest the wild sob of grief  
Rend my bosom in twain, and bring death for relief.





## BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

Hail to thee sainted Bamborough ! from far  
 Illumining the solitary coast  
 Gleam thy revolving watch fires, when no star  
 Beacons the vault of heaven and tempest-tost  
 All hope of life the mariner hath lost;  
 Till the known signal booming from thy steep  
 Proclaims the sailor's guardian at his post,  
 Scares the lone sea-mew from her wave-rocked sleep,  
 And wakes the midnight echoes slumbering on the deep.

Faith, Hope, and Charity their holy seat  
 Have chosen here—a Scripture Trinity :  
 Faith with clasped hands, and supplication meet  
 Kneels on the beach in fervent agony,  
 But Hope th' enthusiast on the stormy sky  
 Waves her glad torch, and rears her radiant form  
 Propitious o'er the wreck, while Charity  
 Receives into her soft embrace, and warm,  
 The wretch unconscious, pale, and shivering from the storm.



## FROM THE GERMAN.

I think of thee when the sunshine streameth,  
Bright o'er the bounding sea,  
And when on the rills the moonlight gleameth  
I think of thee.

I see thee when o'er the sandy strath  
Swift sweep the vernal breezes,  
And when on his eerie midnight path  
The wanderer freezes.

I hear thee when on the booming shore  
The ocean waves are driven,  
And when the dim woods shadow me o'er,  
In silent even.

I am by thee and though never so far  
Still, still I have thee near—  
The sun sinks, and lo ! the Vesper star—  
Would thou wert here.



## FROM CLAUDIAN (SENEX VERONENSIS.)

FELIX QUI PATRIIS NUNQUAM MIGRAVIT AB AGRIS.

Happy the man whose life serene  
 Glides on his native farm away,  
 Whom the same humble home hath seen  
 A sportive child, a grandsire grey.

Propt on his staff he prints the ground  
 On which his childhood loved to crawl,  
 And counts each year's successive round  
 Within the self-same cottage wall.

Him Fortune in her various change  
 Hath ne'er allured with gorgeous dream,  
 Nor hath he quaffed in regions strange  
 The waters of a foreign stream ;

No merchant he to dread the seas,  
 Nor soldier roused at bugle's clang,  
 No lawyer keen to clutch the fees  
 Earned in the forum's loud harangue.

In the world's knowledge yet untaught,  
 Untainted by the city's leaven,  
 To him with purer joy is fraught  
 The aspect of his native heaven.

Not by the change of Consul, he  
Computes the lapse of month and year,  
In spring he marks the blooming tree,  
Whose fruit matures in autumn sere.

O'er the same hill appears the sun,  
Behind the same his chariot lowers,  
Thus e'er the rustic's day is done,  
By his own rule he counts the hours.

The lofty oaks whose shade he loves,  
Were acorns in his early day,  
And his co-temporary grows  
With him who planted them decay.

Verona's city he believes  
Remote as India's torrid land,  
And Lake Benacus he conceives  
More distant than the Caspian strand.

Three generations see him yet  
With ruddy cheek and eye of fire,  
His limbs robust, his sinews knit,  
Untamed by age, a reverend Sire.

Inquisitive let others roam  
Beyond Iberia's western skies,  
His blest tranquillity at home,  
Excels their fruitless enterprize.



### THE SAVOYARD.

A lone and friendless Savoyard far from my native home  
 With my mandolin and Marmozet about the town I roam  
 And though my voice may raise the song, my bosom heaves  
     the sigh,  
 And though my lips may seem to smile, the tear-drop fills  
     my eye.

I think on Savoy's sunny skies, on Savoy's sounding floods,  
 On her lakes and icy mountains, on her vines and olive woods,  
 Where first I strung my mandolin and sang with childish  
     glee,  
 Ah, woe betide that minstrel art, it brought but woe to me.

As late I sate me down upon the stranger's threshold stone  
 A gentle voice above me said, "Rest, rest, poor wearied one"  
 And a female form appeared with an Angel's face divine,  
 Who gave me alms and strove to cheer my heart with bread  
     and wine.

And as I drank, again she spoke in my own Italian tongue,  
 And soft and sweet upon mine ear her gentle accents rung,  
 By Mary and the Saints be that lovely stranger blest,  
 When I am gone, when soon I go, to everlasting rest.

For bitter blows the winter wind, and chilly falls the sleet  
As I falter with my mandolin along the icy street,  
And my shivering little Marmozet within my bosom's fold,  
Will creep for warmth, in vain, for ah ! my very heart is cold.

My heart is cold, but fast and high my burning temples throb,  
Nor can my struggling bosom now repress the frequent sob,  
Through my thin and feeble hands the languid veins I trace,  
While hot and bright the hectic flush lights up my fevered  
face.

And ever in my slumbers a voice you cannot hear,  
My mother's voice addresses me, in whispers soft and clear,  
And a vision of the sunny hills, and vineyards of Savoy,  
Comes to bless the dreaming spirit of the lonely Minstrel Boy.

1830.



1813 AND 1841.

## DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND MARSHAL SOULT.

"None of M. Guizot's colleagues displayed more spirit at the close of the debate than the old Marshal, and we scarcely know a more singular parallel in Parliamentary History than that which the respective positions of the two oldest and greatest soldiers in Europe present at this moment ; both occupying the foremost line of defensive tactics against a petulant opposition—both contending for the maintenance of amicable relations between the two countries, whose respective armies each has led, and might again lead to the field, and both devoting the unextinguishable energies of their brave and honourable lives to the preservation of peace throughout the world."—*The Times*, July 7th, 1841.

Two Warriors stood on the battle plain  
Engaged in the mighty shock  
That thrilled through the Gallic Tyrant's reign  
From the broad Garonne to the winding Seine,  
And burst the bonds of delivered Spain  
On the Pyrenean rock.

The one retreated with Lion glare  
Still keeping his foes at bay,  
The other stooped down from his mountain lair,  
With standard and oriflamme streaming fair,  
Like the Eagle that sweeps through the realms of air  
On her scattered and panting prey.

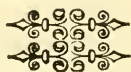
The thunders of War have ceased, and Time  
Hath wrapt in his circling zone  
The scenes of blood, and the deeds of crime  
Which polluted each city, and soil, and clime  
From the Pharaoh's tombs, and Nilotick slime  
To the Scythian's icy throne,

Where are those Warriors now ? no more  
Opposed in the battle's strife ?  
Their voices are heard like that voice of yore  
Which rebuked the storm on Gennesaret's shore,  
And amidst the winds' and waters' roar  
Preserved the Apostles' life.

These Heroes twain of the olden war  
Now bid the destroyer cease—  
Unyoke the steeds of his iron car,  
And looking to regions beyond the jar  
Of furious Faction, adore the star  
Of universal Peace.

NOTE.—This subject was suggested to me by Samuel Rogers, Esq., and the verses were sent him on the following morning.

R.





## FROM THE GERMAN.

Men love to talk and scheme  
 Of happier days before them,  
 And chase the golden dream  
 Through shadows darkening o'er them ;  
 The world grows old and young again,  
 But man still hopes for better things in vain.

Hope lures the blythsome boy  
 And with her spell enchants him,  
 She fills his soul with joy  
 And like a spirit haunts him ;  
 And when the grave his brief course closes,  
 Upon its turf the flower of Hope reposes.

'Tis not a meteor bright  
 By Fancy vain engendered,  
 Nor "ignis fatuus" light  
 By wandering phantom tendered,  
 That which the inward voice hath spoken  
 Shall never to the trusting soul be broken.

1866.

## THE FOX AND THE ROSE.

## A FABLE.

A Rose, the sweetest of the grove,  
 Inspired a youthful Fox with love.  
 Each morning the enamour'd brute,  
 At earliest dawn, commenced his suit,  
 Nor left the spot, till dewy night  
 Eclipsed the charmer from his sight.  
 He grew quite thin upon his passion,  
 Relinquishing almost the fashion  
 That used to tempt him (cunning sinner)  
 To snap up goslings for his dinner,  
 To throttle fowls, and strangle turkeys,  
 Such as his brethren's nightly work is.

“ Dear Rose,” he'd cry, “ delicious Rose !  
 Take pity on a lover's woes !  
 Such tenderness as mine would move  
 A very stock or stone to love !  
 See with what care my feather'd brush  
 Sweeps every insect from your bush ;  
 How cautiously I clear the ground  
 Of envious weeds that clasp you round  
 When crouching near your fragrant root  
 I give to light each budding shoot—  
 And all unnoticed. Rose ! 'tis hard  
 To linger on without reward.  
 Grant me permission once to sip  
 The sweetness of your ruby lip ;  
 I tremble when I ask the favour,  
 But answer for my good behaviour.”

The Rose replied, with some emotion,  
" Touch'd as I am by your devotion,  
And flatter'd by your predilections,  
I entertain still some objections ;  
And, as you say I've won your heart,  
I hope you'll take them in good part.  
First, mind I don't intend to flout ye,  
There's something horrid slang about ye ;  
You're handsome, that I don't deny ;  
But then you've such a roguish eye ;  
I can forgive your pointed nose,  
Since it began to smell a Rose,  
Your whiskers and your frill are neat ;  
Your tail superb,—with pretty feet ;  
But, as you sit, you look so cunning !—  
You're very graceful when you're running.  
Besides, I must object outright  
To wandering about at night.  
Ah, Sir ! although you flatter me,  
You are not what you ought to be ;  
And when I think of what you do,  
My blush acquires a deeper hue.  
Abroad at night you *must not* stir ;  
And, lastly, (you'll excuse me, Sir,)  
Your smell is shocking, worse by far  
Than brandy, snuff, or a cigar ;  
You must compassionate our noses,  
Or leave off courting dainty Roses."

The Fox then took to his confessions ;  
And, owning all his past transgressions,  
With much humility declared  
Himself, in all respects, prepared  
T'effect a thorough reformation,  
If he might hope for consolation ;  
Till, finally, so much repentance  
Induced a favourable sentence.

When Reynard found himself prefer'd,  
He honourably kept his word ;  
Perfumed himself till he was sweet,  
Lived on his love, and left off meat ;  
Would hardly touch the youngest rabbits ;  
Abandon'd all improper habits ;  
Walk'd out by day, by night kept quiet ;  
And took to vegetable diet.

Merrily pass'd the summer by,  
Autumnal winds blew keen and high,  
And Reynard thought (ungrateful fellow !)  
His lovely Rose turn'd rather yellow.  
October nights were damp and cold—  
She certainly look'd thin and old ;  
Till every trace of beauty vanish'd,  
By desolate November banish'd.

Our gentleman was rather bored,  
And, while he much the change deplored,  
Sought refuge from a tête-à-tête,  
By sleeping long and roving late ;  
Began to think it might be pleasant  
To eat a turkey, or a pheasant ;  
Which, when once tasted, Lord defend us !  
His appetite grew quite tremendous :—  
Chickens were delicate and tender,  
And if he miss'd a goose or gander  
By th' water side, 'twas devilish luck  
When he could not surprise a duck.  
So terrible his devastation,  
The neighb'ring farmers cried—" Damnation !  
If huntsmen won't destroy such vermin,  
Ourselves their punishment determine."

So said, so done—they strew'd his path  
With divers instruments of wrath ;  
Lay wait with guns, and fill'd the gaps  
With snares and pitfalls, gins and traps ;  
Till, to a hen-roost having watched him,  
They shut the entrance, and despatch'd him.

## MORAL.

So, in St. James's, have I seen  
A young and reckless libertine,  
Abjure his former odious vices,  
His foibles, follies, and caprices ;  
And seem to borrow sudden sense  
From Love's delightful influence.  
He pays off many an ancient score,  
No longer drives a stage and four,  
Nor cares what horses fill the stalls  
At Tilbury's or Tattersall's,  
Nor makes his morning lounge the stable,  
Nor frets all night o'er Crockford's table.  
No more he puffs tobacco smoke,  
Nor spreads with glee a vulgar joke ;  
Nor reels down Bond Street home to bed,  
With pocket picked, and broken head,  
But acts in all things with propriety,  
And takes to civilized society.  
Cymon of yore, th' Athenian fool,  
Such lessons learn'd in Cupid's school,  
And read of arms and knightly prize  
In bright Iphigenia's eyes.  
But Love oft flies on Beauty's wings,  
And female charms are transient things,  
And still the husband should remember  
That hurricanes in bleak November  
May blast and wither all too soon  
The lovely rose that pleased in June.

And oh ! if angry words shall sever  
The hymeneal bond for ever,  
And constant bickerings aggravate  
The loss of love to deadly hate,—  
What then remains on this lone earth,  
But vain attempts at hollow mirth,  
Recurrence to an idle stage  
That cheer'd in youth, but shames in age ;  
The cold delusive stage of Fashion,  
That stimulant of jaded passion !  
Thence both are unresisting hurl'd  
Within the vortex of the world,  
And yielding to its giddy suction,  
Are swiftly hurried to destruction.

1835.



## THE DOE AND THE DONKEY.

## A FABLE.

Says the Doe to the Donkey "the use of those ears  
 And those dull stupid eyes puzzles me—  
 For the more we instruct you, the less it appears  
 Are you able to hear, or to see.  
 If you wear them for show, those preposterous ears,  
 Prithee come to the first Barber's shop,  
 And as soon as the boy can get ready his shears,  
 Bid him give them a regular crop."

To the Doe says the Donkey "I am but an Ass,  
 And perhaps rather slow at my learning,  
 And as it's my taste to eat thistles for grass  
 I may be at fault in discerning.  
 But a fine ear for music I certainly have  
 And so you my fair critic will say,  
 If you wait till I chant a melodious stave  
 And lift up my voice for a bray."

So he tuned up his pipes, but the Doe in dismay  
 Vaulted over the back of a Cow,  
 And smitten with terror ran bounding away  
 As fast as her feet would allow :  
 And when at a distance escaped from the noise,  
 She said while she trembled with fear,  
 "Heaven save me from friends with so dreadful a voice  
 Who yet boast of a musical ear."





SONNETS.





## SONNETS.

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### HORATIA.

How beautiful she was—how bright—her form  
Cast in a mould exact of strength and grace—  
Her step how light and buoyant—and her face  
Beaming with youth and gladness—but a storm  
Blighted that goodly promise, and the worm  
That loves to feed in secret, and abase  
The choicest blossoms from their pride of place  
Did creep into her bosom, and deform  
A Flower more beautiful, than ever decked  
The gay parterre, and sweeter than e'er cast  
Its fragrance over the Sabcean waste ;  
And thence she 'gan to wither, and neglect  
The scenes, and pleasing toil she loved of yore—  
The garden and the river bank—no more  
Her step is heard the woodland path along,  
No more her merry laugh, no more her cheerful song.

*May 14th, 1846.*



## HORATIA.

Now on her couch she lies the livelong day  
Attenuate, pale, exhausted, and when night  
Draws near, too often the red fever light  
Flushes her skin translucent, and with ray  
Unnatural scares th' approach of sleep away ;  
And in its stead strange waking dreams affright  
Those hectic vigils, till the morning bright  
Dawn in her eastern chamber, and the lay  
Of twittering birds without, the breeze's sigh  
That softly murmurs the green leaves among,  
And all the sounds of Nature's minstrelsy  
Entice that slumber, which the wearied eye  
And wearied brain can scarce refuse, so long  
Denied to nightly supplication, now  
Relieved awhile from Fever's inward glow  
She thankfully reposes, till the sun  
Through half the heaven his daily course hath run.

*May 16th, 1846.*

## HORATIA.

A few short weeks are past, and in the grave  
All that was mortal of that fair young Maid  
To rest from earthly suffering is laid :  
And though some natural yearnings we may have  
For one so loved and cherished, though we crave  
Again to see her as she was, arrayed  
In strength and beauty, such vain thoughts are stayed  
By reason and religion, and the aid  
Of Him who taketh back the gifts He gave.  
For peaceful was her end, assured in Faith,  
And all inspired with Charity and Hope—  
Before her parting spirit Heaven did ope  
The gate eternal, and her parting breath  
Spoke for our comfort sweetest words of love—  
I go, she cried, I go to bliss above  
No doubts disturb, no pain attends my death—  
With joy I tread that dark but easy road,  
My blessing rests with you, my soul ascends to God.

*June 10th, 1846.*

## TO THE MEMORY OF GRACE DARLING.

Grace by the grace of God an angel now,  
Northumbria's Darling, both in deed and name !  
Hath then the stroke of fate at length laid low  
The maiden pride of that heroic brow  
Which not the tempest's wrath nor lightning's flame,  
Nor roaring surge, nor Death's near glance could tame.  
Thy mortal part now moulders in the grave,  
But ever to the Throne of Mercy rise  
In concert with the hoarse resounding wave  
The prayers of solemn voices, and the sighs  
From thousand hearts united by the ties  
Of universal charity which plead  
Thy recompense in Heaven for one blest deed,  
Whose memory fills all space and mounts the skies  
Like incense from a burning sacrifice.

*October, 1843.*

## ABDUL AZIZ.

"MORS SOLA FATETUR

QUANTULA SINT HOMINUM CORPUSCULA."

The fiat has gone forth—the mighty Lord  
Of countless millions must perforce obey—  
And he, before whose glance but yesterday  
One heedless gesture, one unthinking word  
Had doomed the throat to scymitar or cord  
Of Prince, or Vizier, Hospodar, or Bey,  
Now lies a bleeding lump of senseless clay ;  
No longer flattered, dreaded, and adored,  
But a cold naked carcase, all exposed  
To gaze of Doctors, summoned to decide  
What death an Oriental Sultan died !  
Whether the common death of Kings deposed,  
Whose part upon the stage of life is closed,  
Or, by his own despairing hand, a Suicide.

## CHISWICK GARDENS.

Four Monarchs on the throne these eyes have seen.  
From the third George's grey and sightless face,  
To a fair offspring of his royal race,  
Grandsons and Daughters of our peerless Queen,  
(Fifth generation on this changing scene),  
Who stand like Cherubims about the place  
Hallowed by wedded love and youthful grace,  
And genial courtesies and princely mien.  
Touched by such picture I could well exclaim,  
Now let thy servant part in peace, O Lord !  
While here no envious cloud can rest, nor blame  
Mar the bright pageantry of such fair fame,  
With chill and blighting breath, but vows outpoured  
From hearts that throb with loyalty, record  
What blessings to the land are promised and restored.

*July 5th, 1875.*



## T O W A T E R .

*"Ἀριστον μέν ὕδωρ.*

Purest of elements, O Water, thee  
The Muse of Pindar hath imagined best,  
Whether in torrents from the mountain crest,  
Fed by the clouds thou tumblest plenteously,  
Or rolling onwards to thy parent sea,  
By many a fertile vale in verdure drest,  
Thou minglest sweet and salt in some smooth bay,  
Where Amphitrite ploughs her watery way,  
And Tritons with the Naiads sport and play.  
Such were thy glories, crystal Element,  
When this green earth was young; but now since trade  
Hath overrun the land, we see thee pent  
In pipe and noisome sewer, and conveyed  
Through stagnant reservoir or cistern, blent  
With drugs and dyes most foul and pestilent,  
Black, yellow, green, half sulphur, soot or lead,  
Poisoning the ambient air, thyself a poison made.

## POMFRET CASTLE.

Pomfret! thy ruined towers and wasted halls,  
Heaped on their mouldering rampart, still look down  
On all the adjacent plain and subject town,  
As from a kingly seat; thy blood-stained walls—  
All shattered by the avenger's cannon-balls—  
With weed and liquorice plant are now o'ergrown.—  
Not undeserved thy doom: each crumbling stone  
Tells its own hideous tale; yon vault which falls  
Piecemeal, once rang with accents of despair  
From lips of Rivers, Grey, and Lancaster;—  
And here th' assassin lurked, when doleful cries,  
Startling the echos of that murky air,  
Proclaimed what dire and poignant agonies  
A captive King endured when slaughtered there—  
Whose crown and realm became his Royal Murderer's prize.

*Dec., 1864.*

ON HER MAJESTY'S PRESERVATION FROM THE  
PISTOL OF A VILE ASSASSIN.

A King in courage, though by sex a Queen  
Our lion-hearted Monarch in her state  
And royal bearing calm, might well await  
With cheek unblenched and with unaltered mien,  
In faith assured and confidence serene,  
Th' assassin's meditated stroke of late  
Conceived in malice, cruelty, and hate ;  
Feeling through all her innocent life, between  
The cradle and the Throne, that God's high Power  
Around the brave, the righteous, and the just,  
His broad protection throws from hour to hour—  
Chief may the Lord's Anointed found her trust  
On that strong Rock, and adamantine Tower,  
When adverse Fortune frowns and tempests lower,  
And even Kings may own they are but dust.

*June, 1842.*

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBER-  
LAND IN THE FLY-LEAF OF HER ALBUM.

Star of the North ! where'er thy gracious beam  
Doth light, on mountain hoar, or feudal tower,  
Or cottage hearth, or Stanwick's modest bower,  
Or Keildar's shadowy strath of mist and gleam,  
From its pure firmament it still doth seem  
A mild benignant influence to shower,  
Making the hall more gay, more sweet the flower,  
More glad the cottage, and more bright the stream.

Shine on fair star ! beside thy crescent moon !  
Still light the weary traveller on his way,  
That seeing thee, his thoughts may flow in tune  
With all things good and gentle, while thy ray  
Serenely clear, doth change his night to noon,  
Making that night less lonely than the day.

*February, 1851*

ON THE DISTANT VIEW OF CHEVIOT IN HIS  
WINTRY GARB.

The ground on which I stand is dirt and mire  
All foul and drenched with rain, but towering high  
In the far radiance of the western sky  
The snowy dome of Cheviot tipt with fire  
Glow's like the Seraph's gate in Eden, higher  
To mortal seeming, than th' ambitious eye  
Can dare to measure, or man's footstep try,  
Though to the stars his yearning may aspire.  
So from the conflict of life's weary war  
With sin and sorrow, may the eye of Faith  
Discern the mansions of the Blest afar,  
Which shed a lustre like the Planet Star,  
That warned the Shepherds upon Bethlehem's heath,  
What hour the Babe divine first drew his natal breath.

## I.

UPON MY DAUGHTER FLORENTIA'S DANGEROUS  
SICKNESS AND PROVIDENTIAL RECOVERY.

As some fair flower new-risen from the ground  
Expands his petals to the Solar beam  
And that which late a withered root did seem  
Now sheds a lively grace and sweetness round,  
So from that couch where dire disease had drowned  
All sense and intellect, the Hand Supreme  
Hath reared a living Angel from the dream  
Of Death, which over her so long had frowned.  
Adore Him, then, fair Angel! let the blaze  
Of holy incense on His altar shine!  
Pour forth the song of gratitude and praise  
For wondrous mercy dealt to thee and thine,  
Since unto Him it seemeth good to raise  
The living from the dead by Grace Divine.

*December 12th, 1840*

## II.

## ON THE SAME.

Full thirty days and nights my darling lay  
Bereft of speech and sense, while ebbing life  
Still hardly could maintain a dubious strife  
With the fierce foe that seized her for his prey—  
Yet now she wakens to the light of day,  
And after such long trance begins to smile,  
Rekurs to things forgotten for a while,  
And frames her mouth to speak, her thoughts to pray.  
While such a light illumines her radiant eyes  
And plays upon her cheeks, and marble brow,  
As if the Angels in her agonies  
Had rapt her from this being vile and low  
To commune with blest spirits in the skies,  
Then brought her back to earth more pure than virgin snow

*December 12th.*

## III.

## ON THE SAME.

My Child hath surely had a glimpse of Heaven  
A more than mortal lustre gilds her face,  
And in each word and action you may trace  
A tenderness untainted by earth's leaven  
Such as may well belong to souls forgiven,  
That walk in glory Eternal by the grace  
Of Him who died for Adam's guilty race,  
And offers us a like reward, when shriven  
From all our mortal frailties—such a ray  
Flashed from the brow of Moses, when he came  
Forth from the visible Presence, on his way  
From Horeb with the Tables, to proclaim  
The Laws he bore to Israel's array,  
Graved on the stone in characters of flame.

*December 14th.*



## IV.

## ON THE SAME.

Still to my mind recurs that awful night  
When the vexed spirit of the tempest rolled  
The war of elements o'er crag and wold  
Shaking the forest, and the Northern Light  
Shot from the Polar realm its streamers bright ;  
There lay my darling, pale, unconscious, cold,  
As corpse about to mix with kindred mould.  
And that grim King who mocks at mortal might  
Shook o'er her prostrate form his fatal dart,  
Shook but delayed to strike—the Saviour mild  
Triumphant over death, when human art  
Availed not, to our prayers benignant smiled,  
Poured balm into a parent's bleeding heart,  
Stretched forth his hand, and saved our suffering child.

*December 15th,*

## V.

## ON THE SAME.

Omens of evil, sentences of gloom  
Met me abroad, and when I turned the leaf  
Of Holy Volume to assuage my grief—  
All spoke of Death—and Death indeed hath come  
\*And borne away one victim to the tomb—  
But one the tyrant spared—yea even He  
Inexorable Death, was moved to see  
So fair a blossom in her early bloom  
Nipt by the winter frost before her prime—  
His shadow fell athwart her, but the flower  
Though sorely crushed and blighted for a time  
Again shall flourish in the vernal hour  
Transplanted to a warm and genial clime,  
And charm th' admirer's gaze, and deck th' Idalian bower.

*December 18th.*

\*NOTE.—Her waiting maid was carried off by the same Fever, after an apparent convalescence.

## AN ALLEGORY.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream ;  
Methought a gorgeous fabric from the earth  
Rose like an exhalation, at whose birth  
The dark and lurid atmosphere did seem  
All charged with nitrous cloud, and a red stream  
Like blood from the foundation stone welled forth,  
While peals of thunder drowned all thought of mirth,  
With clang of trumpets mingled, and the scream  
Of voices raised in triumph or in woe.  
Sudden all vanished, and a blackened scroll  
Wav'd o'er a heap of ruins—tow'rs laid low  
'Mid broken columns and beams charred to coal,  
On which was writ in characters of flame,  
“ Here late the temple stood of Military Fame.”

*Sept. 6th, 1870.*



## ON A PASSING VIEW OF KIELDAR CASTLE.

Kieldar ! thy towers half hid in sombre wood  
O'ertopped by banks of fern and purple heath,  
Thy brawling brooks that in the glen beneath  
Mingle with infant Tyne their mossy flood,  
Awaken thoughts in me scarce understood  
By the gay bustling crowds who draw their breath  
In the thronged town—alas ! ye speak of death.  
For here the shade of Algernon the Good,  
Lord of this lonely wilderness, still seems  
To linger, as in happier days of yore,  
About these bosky dells and winding streams,  
And gladden with his aspect all the moor  
Late sparkling in the sunshine's golden gleams,  
Now veiled in mist, and bathed with sympathetic shower.



CHARADES.





## CHARADES.

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### I.

My First is the foe of the human race,  
Since the day that our parents fell  
From their innocent state and their holy place,  
Seduced by the wiles of Hell.  
And it still forms the part of each wayward heart  
That consigns the soul to death,  
And entangles the path of each child of wrath,  
And renounces the Saviour's faith.

My Next was a city of ancient might,  
Whose monarch and people died  
When Joshua smote the Amorite,  
And trampled on Canaan's pride :  
But not till Israel's camp had first  
Been purged of the traitor's blood,  
Whose coveted spoil and whose deed accurst  
Had kindled the wrath of God.

My Whole is that place where the Lord of heaven  
By the children of Judah was heard  
Amid thunders, and earthquakes, and flashing levin,  
To proclaim His awful word.  
That word which would banish my first from the earth,  
But that erring mortals still  
Are swayed by the Fiend who gave it birth,  
To oppose th' Almighty's will.



## II.

Toll ye the solemn knell  
The sacred minstrels call :  
And chant my First for the brave who fell  
In fight with the turbaned Infidel  
Beneath my Second's wall.

In mingled heaps they lie,  
The Christian and the Turk :  
And loud and long the battle cry  
Of rage and anguish rent the sky,  
For my Whole was the word ere victory  
Completed her bloody work.



## III.

My First hath trodden the Lapland shore  
And ridden the viewless blast  
Hath conversed with the page of forbidden lore  
And swept through the storm on the wild wave's roar,  
And shadowed the moon's pale planet o'er  
With the spells about her cast.

The scope of my Second describe who can  
For perchance it exceeds thine own—  
Nay it baffles what even itself began,  
And it sharpens the wits of the artisan,  
And devises the subtle statesman's plan,  
And sits by the kingly throne.

No token of grace no saintly prayer  
Can avail for the guilt of my Whole :  
But the flambeau's flame and the faggot's glare,  
On their dull red wreaths of smoke shall bear  
To the Fiend who sits in the dusky air  
His shrieking victim's soul.

## IV.

Go to my First young Hero go !  
Nor pause in thy bold career—  
For a charmed life in the battle strife  
Thou bearest and still shalt bear.  
Though the blood of the slain shall empurple the plain  
And thousands beside thee fall,  
The steel and the shot shall injure thee not,  
Nor the thundering cannon ball.

Go forth the arbiter of Fate !  
But still on thy dauntless breast,  
My Next thou must wear as a talisman there  
From the woman who loves thee best—  
For misfortune shall frown on thy kingdom and crown,  
And a gloom overshadow the hour,  
When her bond shall be broke by the glittering yoke  
Of a Royal paramour.

So spake my Whole as his gifted eye  
Glanced over the horoscope,  
Whereon was written the destiny  
Of Gallia's scourge and hope ;  
And oft when his star had set in the main  
And his eagle had soiled her plume,  
Napoleon mused on the mystic strain  
That foreshadowed his future doom.



## V.

Blow swiftly, blow swiftly thou fresh'ning breeze  
Flow onward thou shining river,  
And ever my First shall keep pace with these  
To their greetings responsive ever.

And softly my Next from the starry skies  
Sink down to the teeming earth,  
On the wings of the morning again thou'lt rise  
To the regions that gave thee birth ;

But far be my Whole from the land that I love  
And far from my lady's bower,  
For there's blight in the breath of the blasts above,  
And it withers the bloom of the vernal grove  
And poisons each opening flower.



## VI.

My First hath many a fortune made,  
And ruined many more,  
So if you'd prosper in your trade  
You'll drive it from your door.

He who the pangs of love may feel  
Perchance by Cupid beckoned  
Low at your feet may humbly kneel,  
And after many a mute appeal  
May fondly plead my Second.

My Whole but few desire to have,  
And fewer still to lose ;  
Be rid on't while you may, and save  
Your fortune from the Jews.

## VII.

In public houses of low resort,  
In the Courts of Law, and the Inns of Court,  
In the Common's House, and the House of Peers  
The name of my First will oft meet your ears,  
And should you be brought there in gyve or in fetter  
The sooner you quit it uninjured the better:

The love of my Next is a passion that drives  
The bulk of mankind through the whole of their lives,  
To herd with the Jews, and the Bulls and the Bears  
Upon 'Change and the Market for Railway Shares,  
And though in itself 'tis a good not an evil  
If unchecked it will hurry them all to the Devil.

But whether my Whole may be bad or good  
Depends on its worth being well understood;  
Unknown in extent and in form undefined  
If you get it I hope it may prove to your mind,  
For it palls with possession and sometimes it turns  
Like a rose bush in winter to nothing but thorns.

## VIII.

My First in his youth was a Warrior Knight  
Steady of heart and hand,  
The leader of many a stubborn fight,  
When he scattered the Paynim host in flight  
And dyed with their blood the sand.

But now my Second hath conquered him  
And furrowed his hoary brow,  
And palsied the nerve of each stalwart limb,  
And veiled the lids of his eyeballs dim  
That had quailed to no other foe.

So the sackcloth shirt and the couch of stone  
In my Whole are his refuge now  
Where meekly in slumber he lays him down,  
And looks to the hope of a heavenly crown  
When released from this world below.

## IX.

My First is one of twins who ne'er are parted  
Save when cut off by some untimely fate,  
Yet deem not the survivor broken-hearted  
He soon provides himself another mate,  
Not quite so faithful, active, strong and ready,  
But uncomplaining, durable, and steady.

My Next which comes to all, is seldom thought on  
Although each day presents us with its warning,  
And oh ! too oft is prematurely brought on  
By those who madly waste life's precious morning,  
To me Gods, men, and columns witness bear,  
And e'en this globe itself the general doom must share.

My Whole recalls the shadow of times past,  
And beckons from the dark oblivious grave  
Forms which the change of empires shall outlast,  
Words of the wise and actions of the brave :  
Else the Mæonian Bard had sung in vain,  
And vain were Shakspear's lore and Scott's romantic strain

## X.

My First's an ugly awkward thing of wood  
Which up and down its heavy arm doth sway,  
And like a feeble speaker of our day  
Doth spout, and spout and spout away  
In one weak washy everlasting flood.

My Second's each relation you possess,  
And I for my part have them by the dozens  
Brothers and sisters, nephews, nieces, cousins,  
To praise or censure, punish or caress.

My Whole is fair to look at, but to eat  
More nauseous than the fruit of that curst land  
Whose core is dust and ashes; in the sand  
It lies reposing in the noontide heat,  
With tattered foliage and with feeble stalk  
Like a fat lazy pig too weak to rise and walk.



## XI.

My First's a plural noun and means  
A lot of boys beyond their teens,  
The full grown denizens of earth,  
With more or less of wit and mirth,  
And varying too in form and feature  
Distinct on each respective creature.

My Next's a simple integer  
Which different values yet may bear—  
Sometimes it dances on the green  
Superior both to King and Queen  
And sometimes fallen from honours' use  
You send it packing to the dence.

My Whole's a goad to vulgar hinds  
But when addressed to generous minds,  
It shocks the taste like poisoned meat,  
Turning to bitter all that's sweet,  
Recoiling like a restive hack  
Upon a thoughtless rider's back.

## XII.

My First's the mistake of your blundering feet  
When you run without seeing your way down the street,  
My Next's the mistake of your blundering hand  
When you knock down the basin or jug from its stand—  
My Whole's the mistake of your blundering brains  
When you talk like a fool, and are chid for your pains.

## XIII.

Within my First's embattled mound  
That proudly rises o'er the sea  
I wistful gaze on all around  
The sky, the sand, and steep glacis,  
To think of thee, my own true love,  
To think of thee.

And when my Second's darkening cloud  
Brings peace and rest to all but me,  
And wraps beneath her dewy shroud  
The cattle slumbering on the lea  
I dream of thee, my own true love  
I dream of thee.

But grief will cease as time rolls on,  
And future hours may brighter be,  
For when my Whole is passed and gone  
Thy face adored again I'll see,  
And fly to thee, my own true love  
And fly to thee.

## XIV.

Bleeding and faint Medoro lay  
At the battle's close on the dusty way.  
The peerless maid of Gallafrone  
Fast on her Arab courser flying  
Amid the wounded and the dying

Turned piteous at the stripling's moan ;  
She staunch'd his wounds, and bore him far  
Beyond the tumult of the war,  
Till in a grot the swain she laid  
Deep in the twilight forest's shade—  
And there she proffer'd my First and there

From my Second the bubbling wave she brought,  
And washed the gore from his clotted hair,

And cooled the fever-parch'd throat--  
How shall they speak my Whole ? oh never  
May that sad word affection's sever  
When glowing memory still survives  
The passage of a thousand lives.

## XV.

"Oh! where hast thou been Lord Ronald my son?  
What aileth thee Ronald? my handsome young man?"  
"Oh mother, dear mother? now make my bed soon—  
For I'm weary with hunting, and fain would lie down."

Her stand hath she ta'en at the couch of her son  
And the struggle of death in his slumber came on—  
And despair choked her voice and tears blinded her eye  
To see in that struggle her loved one die.

She ran my First through the sheets and made  
A shroud of the clothes where her boy was laid,  
And my Second she clipped from his pale pale face,  
Still wet with the tears of her last embrace.

And the fatal hour and the cause she curst  
When he left the home where his childhood was nurst  
For a leman's false hand had prepared the bowl  
Which Lord Ronald had drunk, and had died by my Whole.



## XVI.

My Second's slender make employs  
The skill of mortals twenty,  
Though for one sixpence Betty buys  
Innumerable plenty.

The hand of Nature made my First  
And in my Whole she placed it,  
Which if you saw when parched with thirst,  
Oh ! how you'd long to taste it.

So longed our Parent Eve of yore  
When lured by the Deceiver  
She plucked the fruit in evil hour  
And cursed her race for ever.

## XVII.

Come gentles all—both great and small  
If in the sun you swelter,  
You'll find good cheer, bread, meat, and beer  
Within my Second's shelter.

This is the way to keep holiday,  
But as you slake your thirst  
I charge you think, amid your drink  
'Tis fit you pay my First.

Policemen wait beside the gate  
Refuse—and on my soul  
A single word may soon be heard—  
They'll take you to my Whole.

## XVIII.

In the halls of fair Eton my boyhood was trained,  
 But modesty dwells not on honours obtained ;  
 Enough that I mixed in the conflict of mind  
 With scholars and poets and lagged not behind :  
 There my First was my idol—at books or at play—  
 My dream of the night, and my hope in the day.  
 Too buoyant at times my ambition might be,  
 But when gratified—oh ! what a treasure to me !  
 Soon removed to the camp amidst cannon and shot,  
 The delight of my boyhood I scorned or forgot—  
 Yet in secret I sighed, for like others I reckoned  
 That promotion was sure were I found on my Second.  
 Now my sabre is sheathed, I'm reduced to half-pay,  
 My First a bright vision has melted away.  
 But as for my Second ere leaving the stage  
 I could welcome it still as the toy of my age.  
 Now a word of confession—I am but a shy one !  
 Though once I am sure I was brave as a lion,  
 Alas ! for my nerves—my heart goes pit-a-pat  
 And I run from my Whole like a mouse from a cat.

W. N. DARNELL.

NOTE.—Although this admirable Charade is the composition of another, a greatly beloved and respected Friend, I venture to add it to the list of the preceding, for fear it might be lost to such as may derive amusement from such ingenious trifles.

R.



## RIDDLE.

To the palace and cottage the entry is mine  
I'm enjoyed by the peer, and am thrown to the swine,  
I lie snug in a bed, and in ships I find room  
To some I am poison to others perfume,  
Some view me with appetite, others with fears  
I move some to disgust, quicken others to tears—  
Sometimes I am naked, but often am drest,  
While those who abuse me oft love me the best ;  
You may loathe me at breakfast I shall not complain,  
When I come in to dinner, you'll love me again :  
Yet so dangerous am I that the girl of your heart  
When you've been in my company bids you depart.  
I've more coats than a dandy's whole wardrobe comprises,  
And all of one suit, but of different sizes ;  
My head and my tail are exactly the same  
And my eye is between them, now tell me my name.

FINIS.





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